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ΕΙΣ ΦΑΘΣ

THE

WORKS

OF

MR. A. COWLEY;

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

C. Whittingham, Goswell-Street.

THE

WORKS IN PROSE AND VERSE

OF MR. A. COWLEY;

WITH NOTES

BY DR. HURD,

LATE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Painted by Zinck in Enamel, in the Collection at Strawberry Hill:
Engraved by J. Romney.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

"Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art;
"But still we love the language of his heart."
POPE.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN SHARPE, in PICCADILLY.
MDCCCIX.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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THE

WORKS

OF

MR. A. COWLEY;

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

A NEW EDITION.

POINTING OUT THE PIECES

SELECTED BY

RICHARD HURD, D.D.

LATE BISHOP OF WORCESTER;

AND

INCLUDING HIS LORDSHIP'S NOTES,

AND

DR. JOHNSON'S

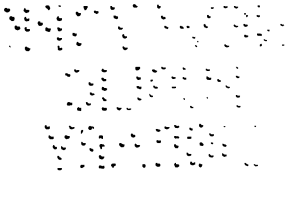
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY.

1809.



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OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

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OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-LETTERS.

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THE MISTRESS,

OR

SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

"*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*" VIRG.

THE MISTRESS.

THE REQUEST.

I 'AVE often wish'd to love; what shall I do?
Me still the cruel boy does spare;
And I a double task must bear,
First to woo him, and then a mistress too.
Come at last and strike, for shame,
If thou art any thing besides a name;
I 'll think thee else no God to be,
But poets rather Gods, who first created thee.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow;
Let me but love, whate'er she be,
She cannot seem deform'd to me;
And I would have her seem to others so.
Desire takes wings and straight does fly,
It stays not dully to enquire the Why.
That happy thing, a lover, grown,
I shall not see with others' eyes, scarce with mine own.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire;
If her chill heart I cannot move;
Why I 'll enjoy the very love,
And make a mistress of my own desire.
Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,
And purest light, if compass'd round with cold:
So, when sharp winter means most harm,
The springing plants are by the snow itself kept warm.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in!
Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames; for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' excess of heat is but a fable;
We know the torrid zone is now found habitable.

Among the woods and forests thou art found,
There boars and lions thou dost tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let Venus, men; and beasts, Diana, wound!
Thou dost the birds thy subjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the spring their songs dost hear;
Make me love too, I 'll sing to thee all the year!

What service can mute fishes do to thee?
Yet against them thy dart prevails,

Piercing the armour of their scales;
And still thy sea-born mother lives i' th' sea.
Dost thou deny only to me
The no-great privilege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity to me, or else thine anger, show.

Come! or I 'll teach the world to scorn that bow:
I 'll teach them thousand wholesome arts
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More than thy skilful Ovid e'er did know.
Musick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear:
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My verses shall not only wound, but murder, thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I CAME, I saw, and was undone;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poison that was enter'd there.

So a destroying-angel's breath
Blows-in the plague, and with it hasty death:

Such was the pain, did so begin,
To the poor wretch, when Legion enter'd in.
" Forgive me, God!" I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd myself I was to die.

But quickly to my cost I found,
'T was cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound;
Death a more generous rage does use;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse:
Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves
The vanquish'd lives, to make them slaves.

I am thy slave then; let me know,
Hard master! the great task I have to do:
Who pride and scorn do undergo.
In tempests and rough seas thy galleys row;
They pant, and groan, and sigh; but find
Their sighs increase the angry wind.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, some
Thou weariest out in building but a tomb;
Others, with sad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a stony heart:
Of all the works thou dost assign
To all the several slaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

THE GIVEN LOVE.

I 'LL on; for what should hinder me
From loving and enjoying thee?
Thou canst not those exceptions make,
Which vulgar, sordid mortals take—
That my fate 's too mean and low;
'T were pity I should love thee so,
If that dull cause could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

It does not me a whit displease,
That the rich all honours seize;
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wise, alone:
But, if you claim o'er women too
The power which over men ye do;
If you alone must lovers be;
For that, Sirs, you must pardon me.

Rather than lose what does so near
Concern my life and being here,
I 'll some such crooked ways invent,
As you, or your forefathers, went:
I 'll flatter or oppose the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing;
I 'll force my mind to arts so new:
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in paradise did reign;
When perfect love did so agree
With innocence and poverty,
Adam did no jointure give;
Himself was jointure to his Eve:
Untouch'd with avarice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back t' his side.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that love was to be bought?
Rather dote only on your gold,
And that with greedy avarice hold;
For, if woman too submit
To that, and sell herself for it,
Fond lover! you a mistress have
Of her that 's but your fellow-slave.

What should those poets mean of old,
That made their God to woo in gold?
Of all men, sure, they had no cause
To bind love to such costly laws;
And yet I scarcely blame them now;
For who, alas! would not allow,
That women should such gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give?

If thou, my dear, thyself shouldst prize,
Alas! what value would suffice?

The Spaniard could not do 't, though he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any bargain make;
To give all, will befit thee well;
But not at under-rates to sell.

Bestow thy beauty then on me,
Freely, as nature gave 't to thee;
'T is an exploded popish thought
To think that heaven may be bought.
Prayers, hymns, and praises, are the way,
And those my thankful Muse shall pay:
Thy body, in my verse enshrin'd,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

I 'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sacharissa's well-sung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the last great assize,
All women shall together rise,
Men straight shall cast their eyes on thee,
And know at first that thou art she.

THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural musick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you:
I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I 'll swear
The blushing morning open'd not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?
Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as reverent made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.
Is 't possible they should not know
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 't is not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of Wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;
In vain did Nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun—
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have follow'd you!
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you 're gone,
They 're here the only fair, and shine alone;
You did their natural rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it:
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

Whene'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear;
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are:
'T is you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

WRITTEN IN JUICE OF LEMON.

WHILST what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, ev'n to you, write poetry.
Ah, foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well,
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the fire.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,
Because thy form is innocent and pure:
Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here;
But, when they sadly come to die,
And the last fire their truth must try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needs must sin, confess it too:
Confess 't, and with humility clothe thy shame;
For thou, who else must burned be
An heretick, if she pardon thee,
Mayst like a martyr then enjoy the flame.

But, if her wisdom grow severe,
And suffer not her goodness to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly' it restrain;
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

Strange power of heat! thou yet dost show
Like winter-earth, naked or cloth'd with snow:
But as, the quickening sun approaching near,
The plants arise up by degrees;
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear.

So, nothing yet in thee is seen;
But, when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

Still, silly paper! thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with ink:
Oh, no; there 's sense in this, and mystery—
Thou now mayst change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim;
For, as she reads, she makes, the words in thee.

Yet—if thine own unworthiness
Will still that thou art mine, not hers confess—
Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
And so her grace or pity move:
The gods, though beasts they do not love,
Yet like them when they 're burnt in sacrifice.

INCONSTANCY.

FIVE years ago (says Story) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me, Madam! you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 't was then in me;
And that my mind is chang'd, yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t' another move;
My members then the father-members were
From whence these take their birth which now are here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'T were incest; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconstant name,
Because the weather is not still the same
That it was yesterday—or blame the year,
'Cause the spring flowers, and autumn fruit, does bear.
The world 's a scene of changes; and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy;
For 't were to break the laws herself has made:
Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;
The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of time 't is measur'd by.

T' imagine then that Love should never cease
(Love, which is but the ornament of these)
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and colour stay not when we die.

NOT FAIR.

'T IS very true, I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are;
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then, methoughts, there something shin'd within,
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin;
Nor could I choose but count it the sun's light,
Which made this cloud appear so bright.
But, since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be.
So men (they say) by hell's delusions led,
Have ta'en a succubus to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the cleft foot discovers all:
Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves with fear;
And devil, as 't is, it doth appear.

So, since against my will I found thee foul,
  Deform'd and crooked in thy soul,
My reason straight did to my senses shew,
  That they might be mistaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
  There 's not a man will think you fair;
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
  They 'll call their eyes as false as thee.
Be what thou wilt, hate will present thee so
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

PLATONICK LOVE.

INDEED I must confess,
  When souls mix 't is an happiness;
But not complete till bodies too combine,
And closely as our minds together join:
But half of heaven the souls in glory taste,
  Till by love in heaven, at last,
  Their bodies too are plac'd.

  In thy immortal part
  Man, as well as I, thou art;
But something 't is that differs thee and me;
And we must one even in that difference be.
I thee, both as a man and woman, prize;
  For a perfect love implies
  Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass,
When a fair woman courts her glass?
Something unlike must in love's likeness be;
His wonder is, one, and variety:
For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,
Does a new Narcissus prove,
And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,
'T is to the bodies' help they owe;
If, when they know 't, they straight abuse that trust,
And shut the body from 't, 't is as unjust
As if I brought my dearest friend to see
My mistress, and at th' instant he
Should steal her quite from me.

THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love 's always seen;
But, oh! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride:

So, the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do
dress,
With other beauties numberless;
But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned, dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair, and paleness, in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stor'd enough of love:
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

FAIREST thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than winter when 't is clad with snow.

'T is not the linen shews so fair;
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright:
So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the sun pierces them with light:
So, lilies in a glass inclose,
The glass will seem as white as those.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within, is foul:
Condensed beams make every part;
Thy body 's clothed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which does itself display,
Like a star plac'd i' th' milky way.

Such robes the saints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine:
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

Yet, seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou wouldst not take this garment, sure,
When thou hadst an intent to kill!
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hung out?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

SO men, who once have cast the truth away,
Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more:
Their zeal was senseless straight, and boundless, grown;
They worship'd many a beast and many a stone.
Ah, fair apostate! couldst thou think to flee
From Truth and Goodness, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my blest self could call
The universal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine, her fair East-Indies were above,
Where those suns rise that cheer the world of Love;
Where beauties shine like gems of richest price;
Where coral grows, and every breath is spice:
Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endless treasures grow.
But, as when the Pellæan conqueror died,
Many small princes did his crown divide;
So, since my love his vanquish'd world forsook,
Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

HER body is so gently bright,
Clear and transparent to the sight
(Clear as fair crystal to the view,
Yet soft as that, ere stone it grew)
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
The brighter soul that dwells within:
Our eyes the subtile covering pass,
And see that lily through its glass.
I through her breast her heart espy,
As souls in hearts do souls descry:
I see 't with gentle motions beat;
I see light in 't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the sky,
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly;
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chaste as mother-mind.
But, oh! what other heart is there,
Which sighs and crowds to hers so near?
'T is all on flame, and does, like fire,
To that, as to its heaven, aspire!
The wounds are many in 't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and still does weep!
Whose-ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot choose but grieve to see:
What pity in my breast does reign!
Methinks I feel too all its pain.

So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But, oh! at last I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 't was mine own.
So poor Alcione, when she saw
A shipwreck'd body tow'rds her draw,
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear:
But, when the corpse on shore were cast,
Which she her husband found at last,
What should the wretched widow do?
Grief chang'd her straight; away she flew,
Turn'd to a bird: and so at last shall I
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICKS.

SO angels love: so let them love for me;
When I 'm all soul, such shall my love too be:
Who nothing here but like a spirit would do,
In a short time, believe 't, will be one too.
But, shall our love do what in beasts we see?
Ev'n beasts eat too, but not so well as we:
And you as justly might in thirst refuse
The use of wine, because beasts water use:
They taste those pleasures as they do their food;
Undress'd they take 't, devour it raw and crude:

But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.
Beasts do the same: 't is true; but ancient Fame
Says, Gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.
The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
Could Goddesses bring-forth from out his head,
Chose rather mortals this way to create;
So much he' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn;
In this cold world they 'll hardly serve our turn;
As useless to despairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
The Sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring-forth things below;
Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Lust you call this; a name to yours more just,
If an inordinate desire be lust:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More lustful was than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN LOVE.

Loving one first because she could love Nobody, afterwards loving her with Desire.

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art! like him that should devise
To make a burning-glass of ice:
When winter so, the plants would harm,
Her snow itself does keep them warm.
Fool that I was! who, having found
A rich and sunny diamond,
Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
But not the light with which it shone:
Your brave and haughty scorn of all,
Was stately and monarchical.
All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
A dull and slavish virtue seem'd;
Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,
Thou 'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would serve one, whom he sees
That he could conquer if he please?
It far'd with me, as if a slave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestick pride
His conqueror through the streets does ride,

Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up such a comely show.
I sought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My covetous passion did approve
The hoarding up, not use, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A foolish, but a pleasant one:
From which I 'm waken'd now; but, oh!
Prisoners to die are waken'd so;
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings, with despair:
Despair, whose torments no men, sure,
But lovers and the damn'd, endure.
Her scorn I doted once upon,
Ill object for affection;
But since, alas! too much 't is prov'd,
That yet 't was something that I lov'd;
Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an impossibility:
Desires which, whilst so high they soar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain!

THE SOUL.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
They 've seen a second thing that 's fair;
Or ears, that they have musick found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss, with aught that 's sweet;
If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth, or soft, but you;
If what seasonable springs,
Or the Eastern summer, brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Aught perfume, but thy breath, to call;
If all my senses' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more powerful pass,
As beams do through a burning-glass;
If all things that in nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so' epitomis'd,
That nought material 's not compris'd;
May I as worthless seem to thee
As all, but thou, appears to me!

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you;
If Gods or Kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love;

If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee;
If any sorrow touch my mind,
Whilst you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all;
And for love—if ever I
Approach to it again so nigh,
As to allow a toleration
To the least glimmering inclination:
If thou alone dost not controul
All those tyrants of my soul,
And to thy beauties ty'st them so,
That constant they as habits grow;
If any passion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
Mayst thou no passion have for me!

If my busy' Imagination
Do not thee in all things fashion,
So that all fair species be
Hieroglyphick marks of thee;
If when she her sports does keep
(The lower soul being all asleep)

She play one dream, with all her art,
Where thou hast not the longest part;
If aught get place in my remembrance,
Without some badge of thy resemblance—
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of art of memory;—
If my Understanding do
Seek any knowledge but of you;
If she do near thy body prize
Her bodies of philosophies;
If she to the Will do shew
Aught desirable but you;
Or, if that would not rebel,
Should she another doctrine tell;
If my Will do not resign
All her liberty to thine;
If she would not follow thee,
Though Fate and thou should disagree;
And if (for I a curse will give,
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My soul be not entirely thine;
May thy dear body ne'er be mine!

THE PASSIONS.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy, free,
And all the passions else that be,
In vain I boast of liberty,

In vain this state a freedom call;
Since I have Love, and Love is all:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag
That I have no disease besides the plague!

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of hell;
Baal and Astarte down they threw,
And Acharon and Moloch too:
All this imperfect piety did no good,
Whilst yet, alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my vine
With painful art, and that the wine
Is of a taste rich and divine;
Since Love, by mixing poison there,
Has made it worse than vinegar.
Love ev'n the taste of nectar changes so,
That Gods choose rather water here below.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all passions else that be,
Drive this one tyrant out of me,
And practise all your tyranny!
The change of ills some good will do:
Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,
Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

WISDOM.

'T IS mighty wise that you would now be thought,
With your grave rules from musty morals brought;
Through which some streaks too of divinity ran,
Partly of Monk and partly Puritan;
With tedious repetitions too you 'ave ta'en
Often the name of vanity in vain:
Things which, I take it, friend, you 'd ne'er recite,
Should she I love but say t' you, "Come at night."
The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
Till Wisdom from above did him enlight;
But, when that gift his ignorance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.
And, if by' event the counsels may be seen,
This Wisdom 't was that brought the southern queen:
She came not, like a good old wife, to know
The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did so far from her own country roam,
To cure scald-heads and broken-shins at home:
She came for that, which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I 'll spend this voice in cries;
In tears I 'll waste these eyes,
By Love so vainly fed;
So Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.
" Ah, wretched youth!" said I;
" Ah, wretched youth!" twice did I sadly cry;
" Ah, wretched youth!" the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but " Never," and " In vain."
" Never," alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the internal flame:
" Never" my time to come must waste;
" In vain" torments the present and the past.
" In vain, in vain," said I;
" In vain, in vain!" twice did I sadly cry;
" In vain, in vain!" the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields or floods do so;
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this world's noise appears to me
A dull, ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the sun's busy and impertinent light.

Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

"Ah, sottish Soul!" said I,
When back to' its cage again I saw it fly;
"Fool, to resume her broken chain,
"And row her galley here again!
"Fool, to that body to return
"Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn!
"Once dead, how can it be,
"Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
"That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me?"

THE WISH.

WELL then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!

And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here 's the spring-head of pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but echo flatter.
The Gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 't is the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

MY DIET.

NOW, by my Love, the greatest oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I:
I do not ask your love for this;
But for Heaven's sake believe me, or I die.
No servant e'er but did deserve
His master should believe that he does serve;
And I 'll ask no more wages, though I starve.

'T is no luxurious diet this, and sure
I shall not by 't too lusty prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together life and love.
Being your prisoner and your slave,
I do not feasts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water 's all I crave.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty, at least;
Fifty, a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I 'll feast:
A thousand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vast eternity!

THE THIEF.

THOU robb'st my days of business and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights;
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me;
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus,
Like an ill conscience, torture us?
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltless e'er was haunted so!)
Still, still, methinks, thy face I view,
And still thy shape does me pursue,
As if, not you me, but I had murder'd you.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 't is writ, I find That there,
Like points and commas every-where:
Me blest for this let no man hold;
For I, as Midas did of old,
Perish by turning every thing to gold.

What do I seek, alas! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?

For making thee my deity,
I gave thee then ubiquity.
My pains resemble hell in this;
The divine presence there too is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliss.

ALL-OVER LOVE.

'T IS well, 't is well with them, say I,
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves can die;
For none can be unhappy, who,
'Midst all his ills, a time does know
(Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Those parts will still the love of thee retain;
For 't was not only in my heart,
But, like a God, by powerful art
'T was all in all, and all in every part.

My affection no more perish can
Than the first matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter, if one dust of me
Mix'd with another's substance be,
'T will leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My atoms over all the universe;
At the last they easily shall
Themselves know, and together call;
For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

NOW, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
I 'ave lov'd at least some twenty years or more:
Th' account of Love runs much more fast
Than that with which our life does score:
So, though my life be short, yet I may prove
The great Methusalem of Love.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than those our being 's measur'd by;
But they 're more close compacted far,
And so in lesser room do lie:
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things solid take up little place.

Yet Love, alas! and Life, in me,
Are not two several things, but purely one;
At once how can there in it be
A double, different motion?
O yes, there may; for so the self-same sun
At once does slow and swiftly run:

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a statelier pace;
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space;
At once, with double course in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

When Soul does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is Love.
Love 's my diurnal course, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear—my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd;
Thyself for money! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n so low!
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When Love, that 's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.

What gains in such a bargain are?
He 'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The sun, that makes it, 's not so fair;
The sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
Since Magus, none so bold as he:
Thou 'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted simony;
Too dear he 'll find his sordid price
Has forfeited that and the Benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There 's none can pay that rate but I;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth 's most like to thee;
And that my heart does only bear;
For there thyself, thy very self is there.

So much thyself does in me live,
That, when it for thyself I give,
'T is but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is;
And, that full weight too may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I 'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

LOVE from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers, sure
He has, and put them to his own;
For hours of late as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

The various motions of the turning year
Belong not now at all to me:
Each summer's night does Lucy's now appear,
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is!
To look into a glass I fear;
And am surpris'd with wonder when I miss
Grey-hairs and wrinkles there.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happiness too,
Why does hard Fate to us restore?
Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew
What the Flood wash'd away before?

Sure those are happy people that complain
O' th' shortness of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heaven! and bring them back again
To th' ordinary span.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
I too ingrateful seem to be;
Punish me justly, Heaven; make her to love,
And then 't will be too short for me.

COUNSEL.

GENTLY, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourself have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

Do but a while with patience stay
(For counsel yet will do no good)
Till time, and rest, and Heaven, allay
The violent burnings of my blood;
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk, for being so?

Perhaps the physick 's good you give,
But ne'er to me can useful prove;
Medicines may cure, but not revive;
And I 'm not sick, but dead in love.
In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

What new-found rhetorick is thine?
Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy commands are disobey'd.
In vain thou bidd'st me to forbear;
Obedience were rebellion here.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
Against thine eyes t' assist my heart;
But different far was his intent,
For straight the traitor took their part:
And by this new foe I 'm bereft
Of all that little which was left.

The act, I must confess, was wise
As a dishonest act could be:
Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
Would be too strong for that and me;
And part o' th' triumph chose to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

'T IS true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
And shall three or four hundred more;
I 'll love each fair-one that I see,
Till I find one at last that shall love me.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatal soil
That ends my wanderings and my toil:
I 'll settle there, and happy grow;
The country does with milk and honey flow.

The needle trembles so, and turns about,
Till it the northern point find out;
But constant then and fix'd does prove,
Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.

Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,
If it put forth again to sea!
It never more abroad shall roam,
Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

But I must sweat in love, and labour yet,
Till I a competency get;
They 're slothful fools who leave a trade,
Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made.

Variety I ask not; give me one
To live perpetually upon;
The person Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

THE SAME.

FOR Heaven's sake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
The little time that Love does choose:
If always here I must not stay,
Let me be gone whilst yet 't is day;
Lest I, faint and benighted, lose my way.

'T is dismal, one so long to love
In vain; till to love more as vain must prove;
To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be:
Alas! 't is folly to remain,
And waste our army thus in vain,
Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

At several hopes wisely to fly,
Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy;
'T is more inconstant always to pursue
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at last may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
'T is nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,
My love does then rebound t' another side;
But, if it aught that 's soft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and stays in it.

Whatever 't is shall first love me,
That it my heaven may truly be,
I shall be sure to give 't eternity.

THE DISCOVERY.

BY Heaven, I 'll tell her boldly that 't is she;
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their altars o'er;
They 'll smoke but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

The lightning, which tall oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble furzes of the plain.
She being so high, and I so low,
Her power by this does greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

Compar'd with her, all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can tow'rds her move,
Till 't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there 's none;
She like a Deity is grown;
That must create, or else must be alone.

If there be man who thinks himself so high
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief;
And one would give, with lesser grief,
T' an undeserving beggar than a thief.

AGAINST FRUITION.

NO; thou 'rt a fool, I 'll swear, if e'er thou grant:
Much of my veneration thou must want,
When once thy kindness puts my ignorance out;
For a learn'd age is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
Goddess and woman too thou canst not be:
Thou 'rt queen of all that sees thee, and as such
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much;
Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in hand.
Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
My large ambition; but 't is dangerous still,
Lest I like the Pellæan prince should be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee:
When Love has taken all thou hast away,
His strength by too much riches will decay.
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;

And I must needs, I 'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for very thee.
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That, shouldst thou nectar give, 't would spoil the taste.
Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
'T is Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight.
We' admire it whilst unknown; but after, more
Admire ourselves for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himself with his own prey;
Of very hopes a surfeit he 'll sustain,
Unless by fears he cast them up again:
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

SOME others may with safety tell
The moderate flames which in them dwell;
And either find some medicine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair;
My love 's so great, that it might prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love.
So tender is my wound, it must not bear
Any salute, though of the kindest air.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I sustain;

Lest too much goodness make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low.
Forbid it, Heaven! my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than, to her disadvantage, find relief!

Yet, when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all:
Like covetous men, who ne'er descry
Their dear hid-treasures till they die.
Ah, fairest maid! how will it cheer
My ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for, if me thou pitiest then,
Twenty to one but I shall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I WONDER what those lovers mean, who say
They 'ave given their hearts away:
Some good kind lover, tell me how;
For mine is but a torment to me now.

If so it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtesy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room!
'T will tear and blow up all within,
Like a granado shot into' a magazine.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken-hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From hers th' allay, from mine the metal, take.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No dross was there, to perish in the fire.

THE PROPHET.

TEACH me to love! go teach thyself more wit;
I chief professor am of it.
Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,
Teach boldness to the stews;
In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;
Teach Jesuits, that have travell'd far, to lye;
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,
Teach restless fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,
Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride:

See if your diligence here will useful prove;
But, pr'ythee, teach not me to love.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,
May learn to love from me;
He who does boast that he has been
In every heart since Adam's sin;
I 'll lay my life, nay mistress on 't, that 's more,
I 'll teach him things he never knew before;
I 'll teach him a receipt, to make
Words that weep, and tears that speak;
I 'll teach him sighs, like those in death,
At which the souls go out too with the breath:
Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,
As light and heat does with the sun.

'T is I who Love's Columbus am; 't is I
Who must new worlds in it descry;
Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more
Than all that has been known before.
And yet like his, I fear, my fate must be,
To find them out for others, not for me.
Me times to come, I know it, shall
Love's last and greatest prophet call;
But, ah! what 's that, if she refuse
To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse;
If to my share the prophet's fate must come—
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

THE devil take those foolish men
  Who gave you first such powers!
  We stood on even grounds till then;
If any odds, creation made it ours.

For shame, let these weak chains be broke;
  Let's our slight bonds, like Samson, tear;
  And nobly cast away that yoke,
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

French laws forbid the female reign;
  Yet Love does them to slavery draw:
  Alas! if we 'll our rights maintain,
'T is all mankind must make a Salique law.

CALLED INCONSTANT.

HA! ha! you think you 've kill'd my fame,
  By this not understood, yet common, name:
A name that 's full and proper, when assign'd
  To woman-kind;
  But, when you call us so,
It can at best but for a metaphor go.

Can you the shore inconstant call,
Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all;
That had as lief the same waves always love,
Did they not from him move?
Or can you fault with pilots find
For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

Since, drunk with vanity, you fell,
The things turn round to you that steadfast dwell;
And you yourself, who from us take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of sight.
So the same error seizes you,
As men in motion think the trees move too.

THE WELCOME.

GO, let the fatted calf be kill'd;
My prodigal's come home at last,
With noble resolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with sorrow for the past:
No more will burn with love or wine;
But quite has left his women and his swine.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor heart!
Welcome! I little thought, I 'll swear
('T is now so long since we did part),
Ever again to see thee here:

Dear wanderer! since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert dead!

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The lands where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possest,
Or wild and uninhabited?
What joy couldst take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilst pride, the rugged Northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great:
And, where these are temperate known,
The soil 's all barren sand or rocky stone.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd heart,
Like China, it admitted you
But to the frontier-part.
From Paradise shut for evermore,
What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,
And vanities, with beauty join'd;
I ne'er had seen this heart again,
If any fair-one had been kind:
My dove, but once let loose, I doubt
Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

FALSE, foolish heart! didst thou not say
That thou wouldst never leave me more?
Behold! again 't is fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I strove to bring it back again;
I cry'd and holla'd after it in vain.

Ev'n so the gentle Tyrian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail:
Aloud she call'd to him to stay;
The wind bore him and her lost words away.

The doleful Ariadne so
On the wide shore forsaken stood:
"False Theseus, whither dost thou go?"
Afar false Theseus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief:
Bacchus himself 's too weak to ease my grief.

Ah! senseless heart, to take no rest,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be froz'n in every breast!
And to be scorch'd in every eye!
Wandering about like wretched Cain,
Thrust-out, ill-us'd, by all, but by none slain!

Well, since thou wilt not here remain,
I 'll e'en to live without thee try;
My head shall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties shall supply:
I can more easily live, I know,
Without thee, than without a mistress thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

OR I 'm a very dunce, or woman-kind
Is a most unintelligible thing:
I can no sense nor no contexture find,
Nor their loose parts to method bring:
I know not what the learn'd may see,
But they 're strange Hebrew things to me.

By customs and traditions they live,
And foolish ceremonies of antique date;
We lovers new and better doctrines give,
Yet they continue obstinate:
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

Before their mothers' Gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol-gods, that have no sense nor mind:
Honour 's their Ashtaroth, and pride their Baal,
The thundering Baal of woman-kind:
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore,

But then, like men both covetous and devout,
Their costly superstition loth t' omit—
And yet more loth to issue monies out,
At their own charge to furnish it—
To these expensive Deities
The hearts of men they sacrifice.

THE SOUL.

SOME dull philosopher—when he hears me say
My soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breast does lie,
That neither is, nor will be, I,
As a form servient and assisting there—

Will cry, " Absurd !" and ask me how I live;
And syllogisms against it give.
A curse on all your vain philosophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and Religion, those great mysteries!

Her body is my soul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I swear it is.
'T is that preserves my being and my breath;
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay, all my thoughts and speeches too;
And separation from it is my death.

ECHO.

TIR'D with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives consent to all I say.
Ah, gentle nymph! who lik'st so well
In hollow, solitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so!

Complaisant nymph! who dost thus kindly share
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know;
Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compassion wouldst thou show!
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
Was of less beauty, and less ravishing power.
Alas! I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

By repercussion beams engender fire;
Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
The voice itself, when stopt, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it.
Thus things by opposition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

THE RICH RIVAL.

THEY say you 're angry, and rant mightily,
Because I love the same as you:
Alas! you 're very rich, 't is true;
But, pr'ythee, fool! what 's that to Love and me?
You 'ave land and money, let that serve;
And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.

When next I see my fair-one, she shall know
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And, wretch! I 'll strike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verse not understood by you;
Whilst thy sole rhetorick shall be
" Jointure" and " jewels," and " our friends agree."

Pox o' your friends, that dote and domineer!
Lovers are better friends than they:
Let 's those in other things obey;
The Fates, and Stars, and Gods, must govern here.
Vain names of blood! in love let none
Advise with any blood, but with their own.

'T is that which bids me this bright maid adore;
No other thought has had access!
Did she now beg, I 'd love no less,
And, were she an empress, I should love no more:
Were she as just and true to me,
Ah, simple soul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'T is Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou shouldst but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom 's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!

Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By Ignes Fatui for North-stars we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
That blow'st the chemics', and the lovers', fire,
Leading them still insensibly on
By the strange witchcraft of "Anon!"
By thee the one does changing Nature, through
Her endless labyrinths, pursue;
And th' other chases Woman, whilst she goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

HOPE! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!

Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!
Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she' her bargain break, or else fulfil;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself 's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future 's thine, the present his!
Thine 's the more hard and noble bliss:
Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lovers' only friend!
Thou Way, that mayst dispute it with the End!
For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is

Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee;
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

I LITTLE thought, thou fond ingrateful sin!
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary heart,
That thou wouldst e'er have grown
So false or strong to make it all thine own.

At mine own breast with care I fed thee still,
Letting thee suck thy fill;
And daintily I nourish'd thee
With idle thoughts and poetry!
What ill returns dost thou allow!—
I fed thee then, and thou dost starve me now.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,
Nor hadst the power of doing ill;
Into my bosom did I take
This frozen and benumbed snake,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it stings that breast which made it warm.

What cursed weed 's this Love! but one grain sow,
And the whole field 't will overgrow;
Straight will it choke up and devour
Each wholesome herb and beauteous flower!
Nay, unless something soon I do,
'T will kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

But now all 's gone—I now, alas! complain,
Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;
Since, by my own unforc'd consent,
The traitor has my government,
And is so settled in the throne,
That 't were rebellion now to claim mine own.

THE FRAILTY.

I KNOW 't is sordid and 't is low
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I so hotly now pursue
(I know all this as well as you);
But, whilst this cursed flesh I bear,
And all the weakness and the baseness there,
Alas! alas! it will be always so.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage sometimes, and bite my chain;
Yet to what purpose do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?

For, if the chiefest Christian Head
Was by this sturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be slain?

COLDNESS.

AS water fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by cold;
So in warm seasons Love does loosely flow;
Frost only can it hold:
A woman's rigour, and disdain,
Does his swift course restrain.

Though constant and consistent now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the sea,
And loses itself there.
So the sun's amorous play
Kisses the ice away.

You may in vulgar loves find always this;
But my substantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is;
No weathers can it move:
Though heat dissolve the ice again,
The crystal solid does remain.

ENJOYMENT.

THEN like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,
And like the sea about it, I;
Thou, like fair Albion to the sailors' sight,
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;
Like the kind Ocean I will be,
With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

But I 'll embrace thee gentlier far than so;
As their fresh banks soft rivers do:
Nor shall the proudest planet boast a power
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted fountain feeds my love.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
As if like doves we 'engender'd there:
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
In love there 's none too much an Epicure:
Nought shall my hands or lips control;
I 'll kiss thee through, I 'll kiss thy very soul.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know;
Night, that 's both blind and silent too!
Alphæus found not a more secret trace,
His lov'd Sicanian fountain to embrace,
Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do t' enjoy and feast on thee.

Men, out of wisdom; women, out of pride,
The pleasant thefts of love do hide:
That may secure thee; but thou 'ast yet from me
A more infallible security;
For there 's no danger I should tell
The joys which are to me unspeakable.

SLEEP.

IN vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise—
Thou, who man's soul dost overshade
With a thick cloud by vapours made—
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his spirits to choke,
Whose flame 's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
Tears, that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

Thou, who dost men (as nights to colours do)
Bring all to an equality!

Come, thou just God! and equal me
Awhile to my disdainful She:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does the favour shew:
Love equals all a better way than you.

Then never more shalt thou b' invok'd by me;
Watchful as spirits and Gods I 'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy kinsman Death defy;
For, betwixt thee and them that love,
Never will an agreement be;
Thou scorn'st th' unhappy, and the happy, thee!

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantastick ape,
Who dost in every country change thy shape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou flatterer! which comply'st with every sight!
Thou Babel, which confound'st the eye
With unintelligible variety!
Who hast no certain What, nor Where;
But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
Inconstant, as thy she-professors are.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade,
So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made!

False coin, with which th' impostor cheats us still;
The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!
Which light or base we find, when we
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!
For, though thy being be but show,
'T is chiefly night which men to thee allow:
And choose t' enjoy thee, when thou least art Thou.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!
Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!
Thou tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waste,
Neither for physick good, nor smell, nor taste.
Beauty! whose flames but meteors are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a star;
Who dar'st not thine own home descry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;
Weak victor! who thyself destroy'd must be
When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee!
Thou 'unwholesome thaw to frozen age!
Thou strong wine, which youth's fever dost enrage!
Thou tyrant, which leav'st no man free!
Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be!
Thou murderer, which hast kill'd, and devil, which wouldst damn me!

THE PARTING.

AS men in Greenland left beheld the sun
From their horizon run,
And thought upon the sad half-year
Of cold and darkness they must suffer there:

So on my parting mistress did I look;
With such swoln eyes my farewell took;
Ah, my fair star! said I;
Ah, those blest lands to which bright Thou dost fly!

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
And say I 'm in a warm degree;
Say what they please, I say and swear
'T is beyond eighty' at least, if you 're not here.

It is, it is; I tremble with the frost,
And know that I the day have lost;
And those wild things which men they call,
I find to be but bears or foxes all.

Return, return, gay planet of mine East,
Of all that shines thou much the best!
And, as thou now descend'st to sea,
More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me!

Thou, who in many a propriety,
So truly art the sun to me,

Add one more likeness (which I'm sure you
can)
And let me and my sun beget a man!

MY PICTURE.

HERE, take my likeness with you, whilst 't is so;
For, when from hence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old:
The man who did this picture draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your presence will such vigour give
(Your presence, which makes all things
live!)
And absence so much alter me,
This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it,
Ah! be not frighted if you see
The new-soul'd picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
For those are the first things that it will do.

My rival-image will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossest;
But thou, who (if I know thee right)
I' th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for me,
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

NO; to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched heart! swell till you break.
She cannot love me if she would;
And, to say truth, 't were pity that she should.
No; to the grave thy sorrows bear;
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live;
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

'T is nobler much for me, that I
By' her beauty, not her anger, die:
This will look justly, and become
An execution; that, a martyrdom.
The censuring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder slain.

She must be angry, sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me,
By being hers, happier than she!
I will not; 't is a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear;
When, sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart;
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too with my breath.
Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
Some pity and some envy me;
Then she herself, the mighty she,
Shall grace my funerals with this truth;
" 'T was only Love destroy'd the gentle youth!"

THE MONOPOLY.

WHAT mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart!
Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of Vulcan's smoky art:
Vulcan his shop has placed there,
And Cupid's forge is set-up here.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made,
That fly so thick unseen through yielding air;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
Ah, cruel God! and why to me
Gave you this curst monopoly?

I have the trouble, not the gains, of it:—
Give me but the disposal of one dart,
And then (I 'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:
So sweet 's revenge to me, that I,
Upon my foe would gladly die.

Deep into' her bosom would I strike the dart,
Deeper than woman e're was struck by thee;
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from th' heart,
They flutter still about, inconstantly:
Curse on thy goodness, whom we find
Civil to none but woman-kind!

Vain God! who woman dost thyself adore!
Their wounded hearts do still retain the powers
To travel and to wander, as before:
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
So' unjustly are distributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I 'VE followed thee a year, at least,
And never stopp'd myself to rest;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To stars, which govern them above;
Our stars, that move for ever round,
With the same distance still betwixt them found.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
The wheel of Fate faster to drive;
Since, if around it swiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair!
Tamelier than worms are lovers slain;
The wounded heart ne'er turns, to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I THOUGHT, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as easily might account
Till to the top of numbers you amount,
As cast up my love's score.
Ten thousand millions was the sum;
Millions of endless millions are to come.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow;
Why should my love do so?
A real cause at first did move;
But mine own fancy now drives-on my love,
With shadows from itself that flow.
My love, as we in numbers see,
By cyphers is increas'd eternally.

So the new-made and untry'd spheres above
Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove;
But are, since that beginning, found
By their own forms to move for ever round.
All violent motions short do prove;
But, by the length, 't is plain to see
That Love's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown;
But none who had it ever seem'd t' have none.

Love 's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward smart;
Love of himself left there a part,
When thorough it he past into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely, yet,
Like drunkenness, into the tongue 't will get.

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH, HIS MISTRESS.

THESE full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on heaven with mighty gulfs between
Was the great miser's greatest pain;
So near was he to heaven's delight,
As with the blest converse he might,
Yet could not get one drop of water by 't.

Ah wretch! I seem to touch her now; but oh,
What boundless spaces do us part!
Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty show,
My lowness, and her high desert:
But these might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me so far remove,
As her hard soul's aversion from my love.

So travellers, that lose their way by night,
If from afar they chance t' espy
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a taper's light,
Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh;
Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,
They sit them down, and weep in vain,
And there in darkness and despair remain.

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I WONDER what the grave and wise
Think of all us that love;
Whether our pretty fooleries
Their mirth or anger move:
They understand not breath that words does want;
Our sighs to them are insignificant.

One of them saw me, th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire;
My soul was melting strait away,
And dropt before the fire:
This silly wise-man, who pretends to know,
Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

Another, from my mistress' door
Saw me with eyes all watry come;
Nor could the hidden cause explore,
But thought some smoke was in the room:
Such ignorance from unwounded learning came;
He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.

If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no skill,
For God's sake keep your arts from me,
For I 'll be ignorant still:
Study or action others may embrace;
My love 's my business, and my books her face.

These are but trifles, I confess,
Which me, weak mortal! move;
Nor is your busy-seriousness
Less trifling than my love:
The wisest king, who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

MY FATE.

GO bid the needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
And, when these false to their own motions prove,
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be still the same, whate'er you do:
You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

Me, mine example, let the Stoicks use,
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain;
Let all predestinators me produce,
Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain:
This fire I 'm born to—but 't is she must tell,
Whether 't be beams of heaven or flames of hell.

You, who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my destiny:
Or, if stars shew it, gaze not on the skies;
But study the astrology of her eyes.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in heaven; but oh, my heaven is there.
What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two, me.

THE HEART BREAKING.

IT gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
In vain it something would have spoke:
The love within too strong for 't was,
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

I thought that this some remedy might prove;
But oh, the mighty serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart;

And every smallest corner still
Lives with the torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into several quarters get;
Each troop does spoil and ruin more
Than all join'd in one body did before.

How many Loves reign in my bosom now!
How many loves, yet all of you!
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My Monarch-love into a Tyrant-state.

THE USURPATION.

THOU 'adst to my soul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had given myself to thee;
But thou hast kept me slave and prisoner since.
Well, since so insolent thou 'rt grown,
Fond tyrant! I 'll depose thee from thy throne;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my best
Acquaintance, were to share the rest;
But thou, their covetous neighbour, drav'st out all:

Nay more; thou mak'st me worship thee,
And wouldst the rule of my religion be:
Did ever tyrant claim such power as you,
To be both emperor and pope too?

The public miseries, and my private fate,
Deserve some tears; but greedy thou
(Insatiate maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim;
Thou ragest like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Nought can resist, or not increase the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear:
Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
All other serpents puts to death.

As men in hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality:
But all pains eminently lie in thee!
Alas, alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain;
Since all the natives there thou 'ast overthrown,
And planted garrisons of thine own.

MAIDENHEAD.

THOU worst estate ev'n of the sex that 's worst;
Therefore by Nature made at first
T' attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou case to buildings not yet finished!
Who, like the centre of the earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though thou a point imaginary be!

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.
Cold, frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Africk's sand
(A sterile, and a wild unlovely land!)
Art always scorch'd with hot desires,
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and serpents forth thyself to sting!

Thou that bewitchest men whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close conjurer in his cell,
And fear'st the day's discovering eye!
No wonder 't is at all that thou shouldst be
Such tedious and unpleasant company,
Who liv'st so melancholily!
Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I 'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains:
So, though the chemick his great secret miss
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with walls;
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

IMPOSSIBILITIES! oh no, there 's none;
Could mine bring thy heart captive home;
As easily other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Cæsar, after vanquish'd Rome,
His little Asian foes did overcome.

True lovers oft by Fortune are envied;
Oft earth and hell against them strive;
But Providence engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give:
At last, just men and lovers always thrive.

As stars (not powerful else) when they conjoin,
Change, as they please, the world's estate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

'T would grieve me much to find some bold romance,
That should two kind examples shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that story true,
But none should Fancy more, than I would Do.

Through spite of our worst enemies, thy friends;
Through local banishment from thee;
Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,
As easy shall my passage be,
As was the amorous youth's o'er Helle's sea:

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar:
In vain the stars their aid deny'd;
He saw the Sestian tower on th' other shore;
Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide?
No, not the Atlantick ocean's boundless tide.

Such seas betwixt us easily conquer'd are;
  But, gentle maid! do not deny
To let thy beams shine on me from afar;
  And still the taper let me espy:
For, when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

SILENCE.

CURSE on this tongue, that has my heart betray'd,
  And his great secret open laid!
  For, of all persons, chiefly she
  Should not the ills I suffer know;
  Since 't is a thing might dangerous grow,
  Only in her to pity me:
Since 't is for me to lose my life more fit,
Than 't is for her to save and ransom it.

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear
  My helpless story hear;
  Discourse and talk awake does keep
  The rude unquiet pain
  That in my breast does reign;
  Silence perhaps may make it sleep:
I 'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.

No, 't will ne'er heal; my love will never die,
  Though it should speechless lie.

A river, ere it meet the sea,
As well might stay its source,
As my love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with thee:
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there's no fooling with the devil!
So, wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real sprite.

I thought, I 'll swear, an handsome lye
Had been no sin at all in poetry;
But now I suffer an arrest,
For words were spoke by me in jest.
Dull, sottish God of love! and can it be
Thou understandst not raillery?

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme, or the conceit;
Nor meant my verse should raised be
To this sad fame of prophesy:
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
And all the metaphors does spoil.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'T is dangerous too cunningly to feign;
The play at last a truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go;
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame with counterfeiting lame.

My lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 't was a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the sight:
But now, my Love, the mighty Phalaris, I
My burning Bull the first do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I NEVER yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou 'rt a devil, if I may call thee one;
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

Colour, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 't is woman-kind;

And I 'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

If tall, the name of proper slays;
If fair, she 's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me too so:
If straight, her body 's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 't is his bow:
Nay, age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed Love 's become;
And, judg'd aright, is Constancy,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the man loves always all?

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise, industrious bee
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
Then Echo's burthen it shall be;
Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,
And all the rivers murmur, thee;
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy name through all my verse be spread,
Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they shall be read
(As sure, I think, they will not die)
If any critick doubt that they be mine,
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a name
To represent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough should signify:
Astrea or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 't is to call the Deity Jove.

WEEPING.

SEE where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah, charming maid! let not ill-fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears;
For she 'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye.
The baby, which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather,
As this sun-shine and rain together.
Pray Heaven her forehead, that pure hill of snow
(For some such fountain we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below!

Ah, mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweet!
But what, alas! ah, what does it avail,
That she weeps tears so wondrous cold.
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

DISCRETION.

DISCREET! what means this word discreet?
A curse on all discretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.

Jointure, portion, gold, estate,
Houses, household-stuff, or land
(The low conveniencies of Fate),
Are Greek no lovers understand.

Believe me, beauteous one! when love
Enters into a breast,
The two first things it does remove
Are friends and interest.

Passion's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, scrupulous eyes;
Or else I could not love, I'm sure,
One who in love were wise.

Men in such tempests tost about,
Will, without grief or pain,
Cast all their goods and riches out,
Themselves their port to gain.

As well might martyrs, who do choose
That sacred death to take,
Mourn for the clothes which they must lose,
When they're bound naked to the stake.

THE WAITING MAID.

THY Maid! ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent;
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'T is like the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.

The ministering angels none can see;
'T is not their beauty' or face,
For which by men they worshipp'd be;
But their high office and their place,
Thou art my Goddess, my Saint she;
I pray to her, only to pray to thee.

COUNSEL.

AH! what advice can I receive!
No, satisfy me first;
For who would physick-potions give
To one that dies with thirst?

A little puff of breath, we find,
Small fires can quench and kill;
But, when they 're great, the adverse wind
Does make them greater still.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
But straight I 'm just the same;
Alas! th' effect must needs be such
Of cutting through a flame.

THE CURE.

COME, doctor! use thy roughest art,
Thou canst not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
To heal me of my love.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to a fever bring;
Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
A fever is so cool a thing
(Like drink which feverish men desire)
That I should hope 't would almost quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

ASK me not what my love shall do or be
(Love, which is soul to body, and soul of me!)
When I am separated from thee;
Alas! I might as easily show,
What after death the soul will do;
'T will last, I 'm sure, and that is all we know.

The thing call'd soul will never stir nor move,
But all that while a lifeless carcase prove;
For 't is the body of my love:
Not that my love will fly away,
But still continue; as, they say,
Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

THE TREE.

I CHOSE the flourishing'st tree in all the park,
With freshest boughs and fairest head;
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days, behold! 't is dead:
My very written flames so violent be,
They 've burnt and wither'd-up the tree.

How should I live myself, whose heart is found
Deeply graven every-where
With the large history of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear?
With art as strange as Homer in the nut,
Love in my heart as volumes put.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The leaves and beauties all,
As a strong poison with one drop does make
The nails and hairs to fall:
Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who lov'd this shade;
And pardon me, thou gentle tree;
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed omens hop'd from thee:

"Notes of my love, thrive here," said I, "and grow;
"And with ye let my love do so."

Alas, poor youth! thy love will never thrive!
This blasted tree predestines it;
Go, tie the dismal knot (why shouldst thou live?)
And, by the lines thou there hast writ,
Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be
To that unlucky history.

HER UNBELIEF.

'T IS a strange kind of ignorance this in you!
That you your victories should not spy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as those of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how, nor who!

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilst all the people smell and see
The odorous flames I offer thee,
Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,
Thy constant, zealous worshiper.

They see 't too well who at my fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
Quick-eyed enough to spy my love;

Nor does the cause in thy face clearlier shine,
Than the effect appears in mine.

Fair infidel! by what unjust decree
Must I, who with such restless care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

I, by thy unbelief, am guiltless slain:
Oh, have but faith, and then, that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It shall itself by a miracle maintain,
And raise me from the dead again!

Meanwhile my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown;
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus dispute—That, since my heart,
Though in thy breast, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

COME, let 's go on, where love and youth does call;
I 've seen too much, if this be all.
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
With a contented ignorant poverty!

To shew such stores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and vex my want.
For love to die an infant's lesser ill,
Than to live long, yet live in childhood still.

We 'ave both sat gazing only, hitherto,
As man and wife in picture do;
The richest crop of joy is still behind,
And he who only sees, in love, is blind.
So, at first, Pygmalion lov'd,
But th' armour at last improv'd;
The statue itself at last a woman grew,
And so at last, my dear, should you do too.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,
Unless it lead to farther bliss,
Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye;
It grows too serious a cruelty,
Untless it heal, as well as strike:
I would not, salamander-like,
In scorching heats always to live desire,
But, like a martyr, pass to heaven through fire.

Mark how the lusty sun salutes the spring,
And gently kisses every thing!
His loving beams unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour:
Then on the earth, with bridegroom-heat,
He does still new flowers beget.
The sun himself, although all eye he be,
Can find in love more pleasure than to see.

THE INCURABLE.

I TRY'D if books would cure my love, but found
Love made them nonsense all;
I 'apply'd receipts of business to my wound,
But stirring did the pain recall.

As well might men who in a fever fry,
Mathematick doubts debate;
As well might men who mad in darkness lie,
Write the dispatches of a state.

I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent prayer,
But those did worse than useless prove;
For prayers are turn'd to sin, in those who are
Out of charity, or in love.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care;
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire:
Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
Did double the desire.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleasant companies;
My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not rise.

Nay, God forgive me for 't! at last I try'd,
'Gainst this some new desire to stir,

And lov'd again, but 't was where I espy'd
Some faint resemblances of her.

The physick made me worse, with which I strove
This mortal ill t' expel;
As wholesome medicines the disease improve,
There where they work not well.

HONOUR.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
There 's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Iö triumph! Enter in.

What 's this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms,

Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy!
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL.

THOUGH all thy gestures and discourses be
Coin'd and stamp'd by modesty;
Though from thy tongue ne'er slipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not say;
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace,
In all thy speech appear,
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue is to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It strikes such heat through every part,
That thou a tempter worse than Satan art.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have been
So much as of original sin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Desires in dying confess'd saints excite:

Thou, with strange adultery,
Dost in each breast a brothel keep;
Awake all men do lust for thee,
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.
Ne'er before did woman live,
Who to such multitudes did give
The root and cause of sin, but only Eve.

Though in thy breast so quick a pity be,
That a fly's death 's a wound to thee;
Though savage and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'n Romance's woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known,
Whose rage was of so large extent;
The ills thou dost are whole thine own;
Thou 'rt principal and instrument:
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of torturer, and of weapon too.

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleasant, universal ill,
Which, sweet as health, yet like a plague dost kill!
Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny!
Thou chaste committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary destiny,
Which no man can, or would, escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the destroying-angels are.

DIALOGUE.

She. WHAT have we done? what cruel passion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou 'st robb'd; but what art thou
Thyself the richer now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure;
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten treasure!

He. We have done no harm; nor was it theft in me,
But noblest charity in thee.
I 'll the well-gotten pleasure
Safe in my memory treasure:
What though the flower itself do waste,
The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

She. No: I 'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore 't again.
Art and labour to bestow,
Upon the carcase of it now,
Is but t' embalm a body dead;
The figure may remain, the life and beauty 's fled.

He. Never, my dear, was honour yet undone
By Love, but Indiscretion.

To th' wise it all things does allow;
And cares not What we do, but How.
Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
Unless it let-in air, for ever shines and burns.

She. Thou first, perhaps, who didst the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it;
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conquest do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect victory gain'd,
Unless they through the streets their captive lead enchain'd.

He. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made;
Beside, what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth 's a gift from thee?
'T is you the conqueror are, 't is you
Who have not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me too.

She. Though publick punishment we escape, the sin
Will rack and torture us within:
Guilt and sin our bosom bears;
And, though fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waste,
When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the skin at last.

He. That thirsty drink, that hungry food, I sought,
That wounded balm is all my fault;

And thou in pity didst apply,
The kind and only remedy:
The cause absolves the crime; since me
So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

She. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee now;
And yet I 'm sure I love thee too!
I 'm angry; but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou hast this day undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more shouldst thou not come at night.

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER.

AS soon hereafter will I wagers lay
'Gainst what an oracle shall say;
Fool that I was, to venture to deny
A tongue so us'd to victory!
A tongue so blest by nature and by art,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart:
Though what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you;
Your speech will govern destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you should lye.

'T is true, if human Reason were the guide,
Reason, methinks, was on my side;

But that 's a guide, alas! we must resign,
When th' authority 's divine.
She said, she said herself it would be so;
And I, bold unbeliever! answer'd no:
Never so justly, sure, before,
Error the name of blindness bore;
For, whatsoe'er the question be,
There 's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
When they descend to human view)
In a material form would deign to shine,
'T would imitate or borrow thine:
So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well-proportion'd, would the parts appear!
Happy the eye which Truth could see
Cloth'd in a shape like thee;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy!

Yet this lost wager costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before:
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If Nature gave me power to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse:
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has such a sovereign right to it,
That no man's Muse for publick vent is free,
Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
.....As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the sun himself set there.

Why to mute fish shouldst thou thyself discover,
And not to me, thy no less silent lover?
As some from men their buried gold commit
To ghosts, that have no use of it;
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury; and, for aught we know,
(Poor ignorants!) they 're mermaids all below.

The amorous waves would fain about her stay,
But still new amorous waves drive them away,
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste:
I laugh'd the wanton play to view;
But 't is, alas! at land so too,
And still old lovers yield the place to new.

Kiss her, and as you part, you amorous waves
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)

Point to your flowery banks, and to her shew
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
And how your use and beauty 's lost,
When rigorous winter binds you up with frost.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haste without stop to a devouring sea;
Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
With all the meanest things that die;
As in the ocean thou
No privilege dost know
Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.

Tell her, kind flood! when this has made her sad,
Tell her there 's yet one remedy to be had;
Shew her how thou, though long since past, dost find
Thyself yet still behind:
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self-same thing.
But she, fond maid, shuts and seals-up the spring.

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

IT is enough; enough of time and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyself with shadows to deceive;
Think that already lost which thou must never gain.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years
(Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
Like helpless ships that be
Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd in tears.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one star in heaven offers to take thy part.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,
If e'er it home to its breast retire,
It ne'er shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

The pox, the plague, and every small disease,
May come as oft as ill-fate please;

But death and love are never found
To give a second wound,
We 're by those serpents bit, but we 're devour'd by these.

Alas! what comfort is 't that I am grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since such an enemy needs not fear
Lest any else should quarter there,
Who has not only sack'd, but quite burnt down, the town.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

PRESERVED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops:
So are all things prone to Love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame;
Smoke and vapour mount the skies;
All preserve their unities;

Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to Love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline;
'T is as vain, below, above,
To impede the course of Love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the skies aspire,
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the sea supply:
Thus appears, below, above,
A propensity to Love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine;
Still the needle marks the pole;
Parts are equal to the whole:
'T is a truth as clear, that Love
Quickens all, below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly;
Fishes in the waters swim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim:
Nature thus, below, above,
Pushes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain?
Does the shepherd love his crook?
Or the willow court the brook?
Thus by Nature all things move,
Like a running stream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miser dote on gold?
Seek the birds in spring to pair?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air?
Should you this deny, you 'll prove
Nature is averse to Love.

As the wencher loves a lass,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the miller loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon out-shines the sun,
When the tigers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall Nature cease to Love.

EPIGRAM,

ON

THE POWER OF LOVE.

N. B. This is delivered down by tradition as a production of Cowley; and was spoken at the Westminster-school election, on the following subject:

"Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis." OVID.

SOL Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires;
Had any remedy for Love been known,
The god of Physick, sure, had cur'd his own.

PINDARICK ODES,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

THE STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE

ODES OF PINDAR.

" Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus."

HOR. I. EP. III. 3.

PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry ("quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum"), would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider in Pindar the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the musick of his numbers, which sometimes (especially in songs and odes), almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though

the grammarians and criticks have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies), yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original: which indeed cannot be otherwise; for, men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator,

as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which (even Mr. Sandys himself; for, in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him), for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might,

perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit: for which experiment, I have chosen one of his Olympick, and another of his Nemæan Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPICK ODE

OF

PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron, prince of Agrigentum (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors), who, in the seventy-seventh Olympick, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race (whose story is often toucht on); from his great riches (an ordinary common-place in Pindar); from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions than in the main subject: and the Reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words, and speaking strings!
What God, what Hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Pisa does to Jove belong;
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympick games,
Alcides offer'd-up to Jove;
Alcides too thy strings may move;
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy prove!

Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no man gives place,
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race;
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone.

They through rough ways, o'er many stops the
Till on the fatal bank at last
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily:
Which does itself i' th' river by
With pride and joy espy.
Then cheerful notes their painted years did
And Wealth was one, and Honour th' othe
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and c
In Fortune's graceful dress, appear.
To which, great son of Rhea! say
The firm word which forbids things to deca
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show;
If in Alpheus' silver flight;
If in my verse thou dost delight,
My verse, O Rhea's son! which is
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

For the past sufferings of this noble race
(Since things once past, and fled out of thi
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let present joys fill up their place,

d with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
So, in the crystal palaces
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
Ino her endless youth does please,
And thanks her fall into the seas.
Beauteous Semele does no less
Her cruel midwife, Thunder, bless;
Whilst, sporting with the Gods on high,
She' enjoys secure their company;
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

But death did them from future dangers free;
What God, alas! will caution be
For living man's security,
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?
Never did the sun as yet
So healthful a fair-day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her spite
Roll with alternate waves like day and night:
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
E'er since the fatal son his father slew,
And did old oracles fulfil
Of Gods that cannot lye, for they foretell but their
own will.

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own seed
The innocent Parricide to bleed;
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows:
But better things did then succeed,
And brave Thersander, in amends for what was past, arose.
Brave Thersander was by none,
In war, or warlike sports, out-done.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive;
He in my verse and thee again does live.
Loud Olympus happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemæa does twice happy see;
For the well-natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

Greatness of mind and fortune too
Th' Olympick trophies shew:
Both their several parts must do
In the noble chace of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair Virtue's picture seen aright
But in Fortune's golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on short man long cannot wait;
The virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for interest;

With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity:
They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well, and know
Th' account they must hereafter give below;
Whereas th' unjust and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light,
O'er which the god-like sun's unwearied sight
Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,
And endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy:
There neither earth nor sea they plow,
Nor aught to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies pass'd,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Muse-discovered world of Islands Fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd air:

There silver rivers through enamel'd meadows glide,
  And golden trees enrich their side;
The illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
  And jewels for their fruit they bear,
  Which by the blest are gathered
For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
Here all the Heroes, and their Poets, live;
Wise Rhadamanthus did the sentence give,
  Who for his justice was thought fit
With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
  Peleus here, and Cadmus, reign;
Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,
  Since his blest mother (who before
  Had try'd it on his body' in vain)
Dipp'd now his soul in Stygian lake,
Which did from thence a divine hardness take,
That does from passion and from vice invulnerable
    make.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wandering song,
Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;
  And may they do so long!
How, noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
At all the game that does but cross thine eye!
  Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be:
Let Art use method and good-husbandry,
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
Nature herself has unexhausted store,

Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, instead of mounting high,
About her humble food does hovering fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love:
Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder; and anon with silent joy
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day;
And sometimes too he shrowds
His soaring wings among the clouds.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight;
To thy loud string the well-fletcht arrow put;
Let Agrigentum be the Butt,
And Theron be the White.
And, lest the name of verse should give
Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,
By the Castalian waters swear
(A sacred oath no poets dare
To take in vain,
No more than Gods do that of Styx profane),
Swear, in no city e'er before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born;
Swear, that Theron sure has sworn
No man near him should be poor;
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

But in this thankless world the givers
Are envied ev'n by the receivers:
'T is now the cheap and frugal fashion,
Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation:
Nay, 't is much worse than so;
It now an artifice does grow,
Wrongs and outrages to do,
Lest men should think we owe.
Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found:
But all the malice they profess,
Thy secure honour cannot wound;
For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
Is equally impossible!

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE

OF

PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agesidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised), upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge), though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

BEAUTEOUS Ortygia! the first breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!
Fair Delos' sister, the child-bed
Of bright Latona, where she bred
Th' original new-moon!
Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns were
grown!

Who, like a gentle scion newly started out,
From Syracusa's side dost sprout!
Thee first my song does greet,
With numbers smooth and fleet
As thine own horses' airy feet,
When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my song and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemea, and in thee.

With Jove my song; this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he therefore like it less,
Since the best fame is that of happiness;
For whom should we esteem above
The men whom Gods do love?
'T is them alone the Muse too does approve.
Lo! how it makes this victory shine
O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
The torches which the mother brought
When the ravish'd maid she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to th' heavenly vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"
Said Jove, and, as he said,
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.

" And thou, O isle!" said he, " for ever thrive,
" And keep the value of our gift alive!
" As Heaven with stars, so let
" The country thick with towns be set,
" And numberless as stars!
" Let all the towns be then
" Replenish'd thick with men,
" Wise in peace, and bold in wars!
" Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
" Of thousand glorious men each town a constella-
" tion!
" Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
" With the Olympick olive to be worn,
" Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of
" peace adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait
At Chromius' hospitable gate;
'T will open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice shall but begin;
Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready drest,
The ivory table crowded with a feast:
The table which is free for every guest,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For, as by nature thou dost write,
So he by nature loves, and does by nature fight.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,
Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming mass;
They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.
She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
And a vast bounty, apt and fit
For the great dower which Fortune made to it
'T is madness sure treasures to hoard,
And make them useless, as in mines, remain,
To lose th' occasion Fortune does afford
Fame and publick love to gain:
Ev'n for self-concerning ends,
'T is wiser much to hoard-up friends.
Though happy men the present goods possess,
Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,
And borne the noble prize away,
Whilst other youths yet at the barriers stay!
None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he:
The God, his father's, blood nought could restrain,
'T was ripe at first, and did disdain
The slow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurses' hands,
Wrapt in purple swadling-bands;

When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
Two dreadful serpents come,
Rolling and hissing loud, into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;
Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went,
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like thunder-bolts, present.

Some of th' amazed women dropp'd down dead
With fear, some wildly fled
About the room, some into corners crept,
Where silently they shook and wept:
All naked from her bed the passionate mother leap'd,
To save or perish with her child;
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant smil'd:
The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes;
And, as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed tails they twist,
And angry circles cast about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous soul, he squeezes out!

With their drawn swords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords;
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They saw the conquering boy

Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they
folding lay.
When wise Tiresias this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t' ensue;
From what monsters he should free
The earth, the air, and sea;
What mighty tyrants he should slay,
Greater monsters far than they;
How much at Phlægra's field the distrest Gods
should owe
To their great offspring here below;
And how his club should there outdo
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder too.

And that the grateful Gods, at last,
The race of his laborious virtue past,
Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give;
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for
ever live;
Drink nectar with the Gods, and all his senses please
In their harmonious, golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And, as he walks, affright
The lion and the bear,
Bull, centaur, scorpion, all the radiant monsters
there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S SECOND ODE, B. IV.

" Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c."

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The Phœnix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a sea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable song
Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain pours along;
The ocean meets with such a voice,
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambick tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes control:
Whether th' immortal Gods he sings,
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of God-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;

Each rich-embroider'd line,
Which their triumphant brows around
By his sacred hand is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords—
He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the stars he sticks his name;
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is Death's, so great the Poet's, power!

Lo, how th' obsequious wind, and swelling air,
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak, unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,

And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

NOT winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth more necessary be
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of earth
To give the fruitful year a birth)
Than Verse to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo! how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance!
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My musick's voice shall bear it company;

Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound:
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work, shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise;
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years!
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some;
Some from earth, and some from seas;
Some from beasts, and some from trees;
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands;

As dispers'd soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindarick Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course;
'T is an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Conscious and proud of his own natural force.
'T will no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too, that sits not sure.

THE MUSE.

GO, the rich chariot instantly prepare;
The Queen, my Muse, will take the air:
Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace;
  Put in nimble-footed Wit,
  Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it;
Sound Memory with young Invention place;
  Harness all the winged race.
Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
  The coachman Art be set;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
  Make a long row of goodly pride,
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
    In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful Lyes,
    In all their gaudy liveries.
  Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,
    And bid it to put on;
  For long, though cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,
    The passage press'd;
  Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
  Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air;

Where never yet did pry
The busy morning's curious eye;
The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
And all's an open road to thee!
Whatever God did Say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known,
Thou 'hast thousand worlds too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great Queen! in the same style as He;
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st, "Let it be."

Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,
And canst pluck up with ease
The years which thou dost please;
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests cast
Long since into the sea,
Brought up again to light and publick use by thee.
Nor dost thou only dive so low,
But fly
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
Where Fates among the stars do grow;
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy
Years to come a-forming lie,
Close in their sacred secundine asleep,
Till, hatch'd by the sun's vital heat,

Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
They life and motion get,
And, ripe at last, with vigorous might
Break through the shell, and take their everlasting flight!

And sure we may
The same too of the present say,
If past and future times do thee obey.
Thou stopp'st this current, and dost make
This running river settle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake!
The fruit which does so quickly waste,
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
Thou comfitest in sweets to make it last.
This shining piece of ice,
Which melts so soon away
With the sun's ray,
Thy verse does solidate and crystallise,
Till it a lasting mirror be!
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBES.

VAST bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned;
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books and thee!
'T is only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'T is so like truth, 't will serve our turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are, that they, at least
As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possest,
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the East,
His monarchy new planted in the West.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:

So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite at last:
Then nought but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too:
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty air!

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients' plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want,
Unless new lands we plant.
We break-up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond divining wands
We search among the dead
For treasures buried;
Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltick, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit:

Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries,
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies!
Thy task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found-out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry;
But thy eloquence, and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized, it.

I little thought before
(Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantick sense.
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art!
A shield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,
Then, when they 're sure to lose the combat by 't.

Nor can the snow, which cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,

Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that Youth can be, thou 'rt yet!
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire;
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks-out fire!
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep
And, if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and Causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be—
To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

DESTINY.

" Hoc quoque Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum."
MANIL.

STRANGE and unnatural! let's stay and see
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo, of themselves th' enliven'd Chess-men move!
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd pieces prove

As full of art and industry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but we!
Here a proud Pawn I admire,
That, still advancing higher,
At top of all became
Another thing and name;
Here I 'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight;
Here I the losing party blame,
For those false Moves that break the Game,
That to their Grave, the Bag, the conquer'd Pieces bring,
And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated King.

" Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
" And sense or reason tell," said I,
" These things have life, election, liberty;
" 'T is their own wisdom moulds their state,
" Their faults and virtues make their fate.
" They do, they do," said I; but straight
Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and shadows fell,
That hinder spirits from being visible;
And lo! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.
With man, alas! no otherwise it proves;
An unseen hand makes all their Moves;
And some are great, and some are small,
Some climb to good, some from good-fortune fall;
Some wise-men, and some fools, we call;
Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take:
She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
With her own hands she fashioned;
She did a covenant with me make,
And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake:
" Thou of my church shalt be;
" Hate and renounce," said she,
" Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me.
" Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
" Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling
" bar:
" Content thyself with the small barren praise,
" That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others choose,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does
thee.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,

Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

EXCELLENT Brutus! of all human race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
Till men above themselves Faith raised more
Than Reason above beasts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle, vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference;
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
(Mistaken, honest men!) in Cæsar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve,
From him who kill'd himself, rather than serve?

Th' heroick exaltations of Good
Are so far from understood,
We count them Vice: alas! our sight 's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still:
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light;
But as her beams reflected pass
Through our own Nature or Ill-custom's glass:
As 't is no wonder, so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancel'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthrall!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his successor Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,
And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer;
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapp'd itself i' th' terrors of the night:
" I 'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite;
" I 'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the Eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But unseen attack'd thee there:
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou shouldst have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
Or slain 't, like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The best cause and best man that ever drew a sword?
When we see
The false Octavius and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus! conquer thee?
What can we say, but thine own tragick word—
That virtue, which had worship'd been by thee
As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name?

Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time 's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;
Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal:
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
And shew'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

HOW long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemick war the tragick scene,
When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd like its sea, embracing round the isle,
With tempests, and red waves, noise, and affright!
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it spare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had God's all-mighty hand
At the same time let loose Diseases' rage
Their civil wars in man to wage.

But thou by Heaven wert sent
This desolation to prevent,
A medicine, and a counter-poison, to the age.
Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave
Than thou didst save;
By wondrous art, and by successful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair!

The inundations of all liquid Pain,
And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.
Fevers, so hot that one would say
Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)
Thou dost so temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful dross behind.
The subtle Ague, that for sureness' sake
Takes its own times th' assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,
Trembles for itself, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that restless pain,
That 's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
But still, like Sysiphus's stone, returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppressed Nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses, thou [flow.
Strik'st but the rock, and straight the waters freely

The Indian son of Lust (that foul disease
Which did on this his new-found world but lately
seize,
Yet since a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is so quite rooted-out by thee,
That thy patients seem to be
Restor'd not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
If thou but succour the besieged heart,
Calls all its poisons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy art,
Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy strong charms it must be gone
Though a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou
Dost all the powers and several portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here bestow:
Canst all those magick virtues from them draw,
That keep Disease and Death in awe;
Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.
And thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No less account of th' empire sensitive;

Chiefly of man, whose body is
That active soul's metropolis.
As the great artist in his sphere of glass
Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;
So thou know'st all so well that 's done within,
As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own;
His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physicians' frequent malady,
Fantastick incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than they gave.
And this great race of learning thou hast run,
Ere that of life be half yet done;
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou dost make Life long, and Art but short.

Ah, learned friend! it grieves me, when I think
That thou with all thy art must die,
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations sink
Into the sure-wrought mine of treacherous mortality.

Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
Thou hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,
'T is all the ready-money Fate can give;
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy friends so happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:
Some hours, at least, to thine own pleasures spare:
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
Bestow 't not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all 's done, Life is an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

OH, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What 's somebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 't is "to be," or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!
Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain, [again.
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet

And with what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?
Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
That Nothing Man's no wit!—
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to please;
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptian shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still (oh Life! most happy and most dear!
Oh Life! that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphick entity of fame;
He, since that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'T is true, the two immortal syllables remain;
But oh, ye learned men! explain
What essence, what existence, this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
In six poor letters is!
In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
'T is all the conquer'd world could give.
We Poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastick vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.

Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd, till now!

THE ECSTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
Farewell to' ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears-up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo! [show!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo; I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by th' arch'd magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold:

Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires about my temples play.

Now into' a gentle sea of rolling flame
I 'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly as I pass
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all th' extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'T is all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all What, or How, or Where!
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,

The tyrannous pleasure could express.
Oh, 't is too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky!
With much of pomp and show
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'T was gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of essences, of gems; and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chemick angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 't was silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light;
And mystick shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' Heaven-crystalline.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies;
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him a way;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they pass'd them o'er!

He pass'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till Phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To' a better thing do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to' eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

GREAT Janus! (who dost sure my mistress view
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few)
If thy fore-face do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy face behind;
If still her breast must shut against me be
(For 't is not Peace that temple's gate does bind);
Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a-coming find,

With thine old year its voyage take,
Borne down that stream of Time which no return can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away:
His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and hours,
Though never any-where they stay,
Make in their passage all their prey; [find
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear, can
Nought of value left behind.
All the good wine of life our drunken youth devours;
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to drink;
Until, some one offended with the taste,
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relicks run at last.

If then, young Year! thou needst must come
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry);
Choose thy attendants well; for 't is not thee
We fear, but 't is thy company:
Let neither Loss of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,
Nor Sadness, nor uncleanly Poverty,
Be seen among thy train:

Nor let thy livery be
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
Let not so much as Love be there;
Vain fruitless Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Although I fear,
There's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou dost make
Such a mistake:
Such Love I mean, alone,
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
For, though I have too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if Life can live without it.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And seek to antedate our misery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing still
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
'T is well the face is veil'd; for 't were a sight
That would ev'n happiest men affright;
And something still they 'd spy that would destroy
The past and present joy.
In whatsoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'T is well we understand not it;
We should grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly

We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it,
They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once into it.

LIFE.

"*Nascentes morimur.*" MANIL.

WE 're ill by these grammarians us'd;
We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd:
From the maternal tomb,
To the grave's fruitful womb,
We call here Life; but Life 's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
We call our dwelling-place;
We call one step a race:
But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,
Angels, who Live, and know what 't is to Be;
Who all the nonsense of our language see;
Who speak Things, and our words, their ill-drawn pictures' scorn;
When we, by' a foolish figure, say,
"Behold an old man dead!" then they [born!"
Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child

My eyes are open'd, and I see
Through the transparent fallacy:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like men of business; and for business walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journeys seem to make,
O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space:
Because we fight, and battles gain;
Some captives call, and say, "the rest are slain:"
Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow:
Because we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphick proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a posterity,
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That single time might to a sum amount:
We grow at last by custom to believe,
That really we Live:
Whilst all these Shadows, that for Things we take,
Are but the empty dreams which in Death's sleep we make.

But these fantastick errors of our dream
Lead us to solid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
And wish uncharitably for them
To be as long a-dying as Methusalem.

The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come;
But we would seal, and sow up, if we could, the womb:
We seek to close and plaister up by art
The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

THE

THIRTY-FOURTH CHAPTER

OF THE

PROPHET ISAIAH.

AWAKE, and with attention hear,
Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.
Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
In strength and number more

Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
And from it streams a dismal ray;
I see the scabbard cast away;
How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
How will it sweat and reek in blood!
How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his food,
And devour all the mighty feast!
Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
But not of oxen, nor of rams,
Not of kids, nor of their dams,
Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin;
'T is fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,
Nature and Time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become.

The wide-stretch'd scroll of heaven, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense by God's own hand were
writ
(Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we
admire)
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire:
Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend;
But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
The glittering host, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree and
all.

And thou, O cursed land!
Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
stand
(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)
Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt
drink.
Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so
With human blood o'erflow,
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their
prey:

The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,
Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,
That by thine own dead shall be slain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys, surveys, a ground,
So the destroying-angel measures it around;
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any nook or corner he should miss:
He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be chok'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass:
The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
" Brother leopard, come away;
" Behold a land which God has given us in prey!
" Behold a land from whence we see
" Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!"
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain;
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone:

Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The satyrs laugh to hear them groan:
The evil spirits, that delight
To dance and revel in the mask of night,
The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall affright:
And, if of lost mankind
Aught happen to be left behind;
If any relicks but remain;
They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

IS this thy bravery, Man, is this thy pride?
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd by every thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures, the Creator said, were thine;
No creature but might since say, "Man is mine."
In black Egyptian slavery we lie;
And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery
Of tyrant Sin;
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our breath
In building up the monuments of Death;
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!

In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd Canaan above,
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant honey flow;
And even i' th' way to which we should be fed
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see!
In vain did God to descend hither deign;
He was his own ambassador in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be!
We will not let ourselves to go,
And with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs grow.
Ah! lest at last we perish so,
Think, stubborn Man, think of th' Egyptian Prince
(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou);
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human power could show;
Think what plagues attend on thee,
Who Moses' God dost now refuse, more oft than Moses he.

"If from some god you come" (said the proud king
With half a smile and half a frown;

" But what god can to Egypt be unknown?)
" What sign, what powers, what credence, do you
" bring?"
" Behold his seal! behold his hand!"
Cries Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.
Th' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,
When, with an undiscerned birth,
Th' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
Upwards his threatening tail he threw;
Upwards he cast his threatening head:
He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead;
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him
fled.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.
" The God of slaves," said they, " how can he be
" More powerful than their masters' deity?"
And down they cast their rods,
And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile
gods.
The evil spirits their charms obey,
And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,
And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the Old Serpent's first command.

And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
And they their threatening tails did twist;
But straight on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devour'd;
So much was over-power'd,
By God's miraculous creation,
His servant's, Nature's, slightly-wrought and feeble generation!

On the fam'd bank the prophets stood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the flood;
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
The helpless fish were found
In their strange current drown'd:
The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide
About it blush'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;
From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
Nor all thy priests, nor thou,
Oh king! couldst ever show
From whence thy wandering Nile begins his course—
Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source;
And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed lest this do so!
What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all:

The kind, instructing punishment enjoy;
Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall
destroy.

The river yet gave one instruction more;
And, from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore
(Which was but water just before),
A loathsome host was quickly made,
That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all
the country' invade.
As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed
(But like a friend he visits all the land
With welcome presents in his hand)
So did this Living Tide the fields o'erspread:
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noisome enemies;
From th' unexhausted source still new recruits arise.
Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,
The towns and houses they possess,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,
Where never sun-born Frog durst to aspire,
And in the silken beds their slimy members place;
A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
But both were to no use;
As yet the sorcerers' mimick power serv'd for excuse.

" Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo!
They strook the earth a fertile blow,
And all the dust did straight to stir begin;
One would have thought some sudden wind 't had been;
But, lo! 't was nimble life was got within!
And all the little springs did move,
And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magick-gods could neither make nor find.
The wretched shameful Foe allow'd no rest
Either to man or beast.
Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themselves confess'd
This was God's hand; and 't was but just,
To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with dust.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
With sullen noise they take their flight,
And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 't is day above, 't is still beneath them night.
Of harmful Flies the nations numberless
Compos'd this mighty army's spacious boast;
Of different manners, different languages;
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;

And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And some on green, and some on flowery food;
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various host.
Houses secure not men, the populous ill
Did all the houses fill:
The country all around
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came
(The mingled malice of their flame);
A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with just hands the sad composure make,
And over all the land did the full vial shake.
Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and shivering sweats,
On all the cattle, all the beasts, did fall;
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plow;
The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:
The generous horse from the full manger turns his head,
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeless nostril please
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses:

The starving sheep refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent souls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler medicine try,
And a Disease, for Physick, did apply.
Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took;
The sorcerers did with wonder on him look,
And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell,
Which no Egyptian rituals tell:
He flings the pregnant ashes through the air,
And speaks a mighty prayer;
Both which the ministering winds around all Egypt bear.
As gentle western blasts with downy wings,
Hatching the tender springs,
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
"Ye living buds, why do ye stay?"
The passionate buds break through the bark their way:
So, wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew;
It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
And to them added new;
A noisome spring of sores, as thick as leaves, did sprout.

Heaven itself is angry next;
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vext!)
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound:
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected signal of his wand;
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons move,
And fill the spacious plains above;
Through which the rolling thunder first does play,
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way.
And straight a stony shower
Of monstrous Hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er winter yet brought forth,
From all her stormy magazines of the north.
It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay;
The houses and strong-body'd trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke;
The thunder but for terror through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The dismal lightnings all around,
Some flying through the air, some running on the ground,
Some swimming o'er the water's face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place;
One would have thought, their dreadful day to have seen,
The very hail, and rain itself, had kindled been.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,
Escap'd this general massacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-stor'd Egyptian year
Began to clothe her fields and trees anew.
When, lo! a scorching wind from the burnt countries blew,
And endless legions with it drew
Of greedy Locusts; who, where'er
With sounding wings they flew,
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itself had march'd by there.
Whate'er the Sun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful soil,
The wretched pillagers bore away,
And the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moses with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent western wind,
Which all these living clouds did headlong bear
(No stragglers left behind)
Into the purple sea, and there bestow
On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.
With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his so near.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear!
What, e'er, but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punishment?

From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow—
Substantial Night, that does disclaim
Privation's empty name—
Through secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,
Such as the sun's whole force could not oppose:
They with a solid cloud
All heaven's eclipsed face did shroud;
Seem'd, with large wings spread o'er the sea and earth,
To brood up a new Chaos's deformed birth.
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did at the dreadful sight wink and expire,
To th' Empyrean source all streams of light seem'd to retire.
The living men were in their standing houses buried;
But the long Night no slumber knows,
But the short Death finds no repose!
Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,
And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured;
And Fancy's multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes invisible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger these
Were but the first light skirmishes;
The shock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.
It was the time when the still moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,

And dewy Sleep, which from Night's secret springs arose,
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
When, lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the sun's adulterate ray—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journeys of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his winged will cuts through the yielding sky.
He pass'd through many a star, and, as he pass'd,
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent,
T' inflict the tardy punishment.
" Ah! yet," said he, " yet, stubborn king! repent,
" Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
" Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
" hand;
" Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live:
" Who would, alas! believe
" That it for man," said he,
" So hard to be forgiven should be,
" And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,

Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
And close-wrought to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight;
But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And through the narrow'st walks of crooked pores,
He pass'd more swift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand;
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly-temper'd blade,
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked land.
Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb; none did he spare, [heir.
None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
They' awake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright;
The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confused noise;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguish'd through the day.
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true mark'd successor to be found.

Whilst health and strength, and gladness does possess
The festal Hebrew cottages;
The blest Destroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the sacred cheer
That new begins their well-reformed year:
Upon their doors he read, and understood,
God's protection, writ in blood;
Well was he skill'd i' th' character Divine;
And, though he pass'd by it in haste,
He bow'd, and worship'd, as he pass'd,
The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

The sword strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
No diligence or cost they spare
To haste the Hebrews now away:
Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is Fear!
But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire struck out of stone;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the blow.
Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast;
Rage and revenge their place possess'd;
With a vast host of chariots and of horse,
And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he pursues;
Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war renews.

Fill'd with proud hopes, " At least," said he,
" Th' Egyptian Gods, from Syrian magick free,
" Will now revenge themselves and me;
" Behold what passless rocks on either hand,
" Like prison-walls, about them stand,
" Whilst the sea bounds their flight before!
" And in our injured justice they must find
" A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind;
" Which shall with crimson gore
" New paint the water's name, and double dye the
" shore."

He spoke; and all his host
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring sea.
No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,
And, with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten liberty.
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And saw a path hid yet from human sight:
He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
Unloose their close embraces, and divide;
And backwards press, as in some solemn show
The crowding people do
(Though just before no space was seen)
To let the admired triumph pass between.
The wondering army saw on either hand
The no-less-wondering waves like rocks of crystal stand:

They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The secret paths of God.
And here and there all scatter'd in their way
The sea's old spoils, and gaping fishes, lay
Deserted on the sandy plain:
The sun did with astonishment behold
The inmost chambers of the open'd main;
For, whatsoe'er of old
By his own priests the poets has been said,
He never sunk till then into the ocean's bed.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,
And saw behind th' unguided foe
March disorderly and slow.
The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
Shakes his imperious wand:
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
The beckoning wand espy;
Straight their first right-hand files begin to move,
And, with a murmuring wind,
Give the word "March" to all behind.
The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,
But, with a joyful, louder noise,
Answer their distant fellows' voice,
And haste to meet them make,
As several troops do all at once a common signal take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
Which on the Chamian army fell,

When on both sides they saw the roaring main
Broke loose from his invisible chain!
They saw the monstrous death and watery war
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar!
In vain some backward and some forwards fly
With helpless haste; in vain they cry
To their cœlestial Beasts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid;
In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
They 're compass'd round with a devouring fate,
That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon them all.

DAVIDEIS,

A SACRED POEM

OF THE

TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

" Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
" Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
" Accipiant, Cælique vias ac Sidera monstrent."

VIRG. Georg. II.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Proposition—The Invocation—The entrance into the history from a new agreement betwixt Saul and David—A description of hell—The Devil's speech—Envy's reply to him—Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin—Her speech, and Saul's to himself after she was vanished—A description of heaven—God's speech: he sends an Angel to David: the Angel's message to him—David sent for, to play before Saul—A Digression concerning musick—David's psalm—Saul attempts to kill him—His escape to his own house, from whence being pursued by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michal he escapes and flies to Naioth, the Prophets' college at Ramah—Saul's speech, and rage at his escape—A long digression describing the Prophets' college, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their Poetry.—Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy—Saul among the prophets—He is compared to Balaam, whose song concludes the book.

I SING the man who Judah's sceptre bore
In that right-hand which held the crook before;
Who from best poet, best of kings did grow;
The two chief gifts Heaven could on man bestow.
Much danger first, much toil did he sustain,
Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in vain,
Nor did his crown less painful work afford,
Less exercise his patience, or his sword;

So long her conqueror, Fortune's spite pursued;
Till with unwearied virtue he subdued
All home-bred malice, and all foreign boasts;
Their strength was Armies, his the Lord of Hosts.
Thou, who didst David's royal stem adorn,
And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast born;
Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear,
And slew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,
Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old;
Who, heaven's glad burthen now, and justest pride,
Sitt'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side
(Where hallow'd flames help to adorn that head
Which once the blushing thorns environed,
Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down
Like rubies to enrich thine humble crown),
Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre;
Guide my bold steps with thine own travelling flame,
In these untrodden paths to sacred fame!
Lo, with pure hands thy heavenly fire to take,
My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make!
From Earth's vain joys, and Love's soft witchcraft, free,
I consecrate my Magdalene to thee!
Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praise,
On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise!
A temple, where if thou vouchsafe to dwell,
It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.

Too long the Muses' land hath heathen been;
Their gods too long were Devils, and virtues Sin;
But thou, Eternal Word! hast call'd forth me,
Th' apostle to convert that world to thee;
T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
And teach, that Truth is truest poesy.

The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,
O'ercome by constant virtue and success;
He grew at last more weary to command
New dangers, than young David to withstand
Or conquer them; he fear'd his mastering fate,
And envy'd him a king's unpowerful hate.
Well did he know how palms by' oppression speed,
Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed!
The burthen lifts them higher. Well did he know
How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow
By unjust force; he now with wanton play
Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away;
But, his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar,
And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore;
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar:
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent course.

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.

A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve;
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here, does there new business make.
  Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth—
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;—
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep;
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls th' unwearied space, but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day:
No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns;
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights;

But down like lightning, which him struck, he came;
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame:
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air;
Since when, the dismal solace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo;
Themselves at first against themselves they' excite,
(Their dearest conquest and most proud delight)
And, if those mines of secret treason fail,
With open force man's virtue they assail;
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy,
And, where their poisons miss, the sword employ.
Thus sought the tyrant-fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainst him arm'd the powerful rage of Saul:
He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
His female sweetness, and his manly grace:
He saw the nobler wonders of his mind,
Great gifts! which for great works he knew design'd:
He saw (t' ashame the strength of man and hell)
How by 's young hands their Gathite champion fell:
He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed
The royal drops round his enlarged head;
And well he knew what legacy did place
The sacred sceptre in blest Judah's race,
From which th' eternal Shilo was to spring;
A knowledge which new hells to hell did bring!
And, though no less he knew himself too weak
The smallest link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain;
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 't was in vain.

And, now it broke his form'd design, to find
The gentle change of Saul's recovering mind;
He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd and griev'd
(The great Deceiver!) to be himself deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll;
His eyes dart forth red flames, which scare the night,
And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright;
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips' fear'd sound.
"Are we such Nothings then!" said he, "our will
"Crost by a shepherd's boy! and you yet still
"Play with your idle serpents here? dares none
"Attempt what becomes Furies? are ye grown
"Benumb'd with fear, or Virtue's spiritless cold,
"You, who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold?
"Oh! my ill-chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
"Did I lose heaven for this?"
With that, with his long tail he lash'd his breast,
And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.
The quaking powers of night stood in amaze,
And at each other first could only gaze;
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,
The souls, amidst their tortures, durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which, when she was drunk, she furious grew,
And lash'd herself: thus from th' accursed crew
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she 'herself torments.
" Spend not, great king! thy precious rage," said she,
" Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we
" The glory of our wrath to him afford?
" Are we not Furies still, and you our lord?
" At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake,
" And frighted Nature her own laws forsake:
" Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
" And thunder echo 't to the trembling sky;
" Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
" As shall the fire's proud element affright:
" Th' old drudging sun from his long-beaten way
" Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day;

" The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,
" And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
" Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
" Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere;
" Nay, their God too—for fear he did, when we
" Took noble arms against his tyranny,
" So noble arms, and in a cause so great,
" That triumphs they deserve for their defeat.
" There was a day! oh might I see 't again,
" Though he had fiercer flames to thrust us in!
" And can such powers be by a child withstood?
" Will slings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?
" What th' untam'd lion, wet with hunger too,
" And giants, could not, that my word shall do:
" I 'll soon dissolve this peace; were Saul's new love
" (But Saul we know) great as my hate shall prove,
" Before their sun twice more be gone about,
" I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.
" By me, Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,
" A sacrifice far worse than that before;
" I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
" At once his murder and his monument,
" And laugh'd to see (for 't was a goodly show)
" The earth by her first tiller fatten'd so:
" I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea;
" He and his host drank up cold death by me:
" By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,
" And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook;
" Hither (ye know) almost alive he came
" Through the cleft earth; ours was his funeral flame:

" By me——but I lose time, methinks, and should
" Perform new acts whilst I relate the old.
" David 's the next our fury must enjoy:
" 'T is not thy God himself shall save thee, boy!
" No, if he do, may the whole world have peace;
" May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease,
" And, banish'd from this potent court below,
" May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow!"
She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a pause;
But straight the general murmur of applause
Ran through Death's courts; she frown'd still, and begun
To envy at the praise herself had won.
Great Beelzebub starts from his burning throne
To 'embrace the Fiend, but she, now furious grown
To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;
The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.
It was the time when silent night began
T' enchain with sleep the busy spirits of man;
And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast
The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest:
So did not Envy; but with haste arose;
And, as through Israel's stately towns she goes,
She frowns, and shakes her head; " Shine on," says she,
" Ruins ere long shall your sole monuments be."
The silver moon with terror paler grew,
And neighbouring Hermon sweated flowery dew;
Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:

Lo, at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook;
And nimbly there the reverend shape she took
Of Father Benjamin; so long her beard,
So large her limbs, so grave her looks, appear'd,
Just like his statue, which bestrid Saul's gate,
And seem'd to guard the race it did create.
In this known form she' approach'd the tyrant's side;
And thus her words the sacred form bely'd:
" Arise, lost king of Israel! canst thou lie
" Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh?
" If king thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet
" Sit not on Israel's throne! and shall he sit?
" Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
" From the mild brickkiln's nobler slavery?
" For this, did seas your powerful rod obey?
" Did wonders guide, and feed, you on your way?
" Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear,
" You who can serve a boy, and minstrel, here?
" Forbid it, God! if thou be'st just; this shame
" Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's, name!
" Why was I else from Canaan's famine led?
" Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,
" Ere my full loins discharg'd this numerous race,
" This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their disgrace!
" Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must thou live?
" Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give?
" What wants he now but that? canst thou forget
" (If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met
" The youth with songs? alas! poor monarch! you
" Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew!

" Him Israel loves, him neighbouring countries fear;
" You but the name and empty title bear.
" And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court;
" The court that must be his; where he shall sport
" Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,
" Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told
" This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he
" With bold false threats from God affronted thee?
" The dotard ly'd; God said it not, I know;
" Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so.
" Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
" Exact the royal lot, and call it forth?
" Hast thou not since (my best and greatest son!)
" To him, and to his perishing nation, done
" Such lasting benefits as may justly claim
" A sceptre as eternal as thy fame?
" Poor prince! whom madmen, priests, and boys,
" invade;
" By thine own flesh, thy' ungrateful son, betray'd!
" Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
" By friendship's name, against a crown and thee!
" Betray not too thyself; take courage, call
" Thy' enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
" Lo! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise,
" Breaks the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and eyes.
" Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy
" Survives, the privilege of their graves enjoy.
" Rise quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath,
" Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death:

" Kill him, and thou 'rt secure; 't is only he
" That 's boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee,
" As earth's low globe robs the high moon of light;
" When this eclipse is past, thy fate 's all bright.
" Trust me, dear son! and credit what I tell;
" I 've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.
" Hence, fears and dull delays! is not thy breast
" (Yes, Saul, it is) with noble thoughts possest?
" May they beget like acts!" With that she takes
One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:
" Softly, dear worm! soft and unseen," said she,
" Into his bosom steal, and in it be
" My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night.
Th' infected king leapt from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd;
And started back at piec'd-up shapes, which fear
And his distracted fancy painted there:
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Showers of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh! 't is confest;
" I 've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
" Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing.
" Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,
" So unconcern'd, as my lethargick sleep.
" My patience even a sacrilege becomes,
" Disturbs the dead, and opes their sacred tombs.
" Ah! Benjamin, kind father! who for me
" This cursed world endur'st again to see!

" All thou hast said, great vision! is so true,
" That all which thou command'st, and more, I'll do:
" Kill him! yes, mighty ghost! the wretch shall die,
" Though every star in heaven should it deny;
" Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
" Had he ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.
" Should that bold popular madman, whose design
" Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,
" Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent,
" Should mine own heart grow scrupulous and relent,
" Curse me, just Heaven! (by which this truth I swear)
" If I that seer, my son, or self, do spare.
" No, gentle ghost! return to thy still home;
" Thither, this day, mine and thy foe shall come.
" If that curst object longer vex my sight,
" It must have learnt t' appear as thou to-night."
Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed;
Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take,
For, though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God 's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky;
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night;
There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light;
Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space;
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day;

No pale-fac'd moon does in stol'n beams appear,
Or with dim taper scatters darkness there;
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last.
There sits th' Almighty, First of all, and End;
Whom nothing but himself can comprehend;
Who with his word commanded all to be,
And all obey'd him, for that word was He:
Only he spoke, and every thing that is
From out the womb of fertile nothing ris'.
Oh, who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,
Thou great Three-One!
There thou thyself dost in full presence show,
Not absent from these meaner worlds below;
No, if thou wert, the elements' league would cease,
And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace;
The sun would stop his course, or gallop back,
The stars drop out, the poles themselves would crack;
Earth's strong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vast work all ravel out again
To its first nothing: for his spirit contains
The well-knit mass; from him each creature gains
Being and motion, which he still bestows;
From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,
Which seven triumphant generals command;
They sing loud anthems of his endless praise,
And with fix'd eyes drink-in immortal rays:

Of these he call'd-out one; all heaven did shake,
And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.
" Are we forgotten then so soon? can he
" Look on his crown, and not remember me
" That gave it? can he think we did not hear
" (Fond man!) his threats? and have we made the
" ear,
" To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard;
" And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou 'st fear'd,
" Practis'd, or thought on, I 'll all double send;
" Have we not spoke it, and dares man contend?
" Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
" When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa,
" Thou, and thy sons, thou wouldst not threaten
" still;
" Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy will.
" Then shall thine head fix'd in curst temples be,
" And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
" That hand which now on David's life would prey,
" Shall then turn just, and its own master slay;
" He whom thou hat'st, on thy lov'd throne shall sit,
" And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.
" Haste then; tell David what his king has sworn,
" Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn;
" Yet bid him go securely, when he sends;
" 'T is Saul that is his foe, and We his friends:
" The man who has his God, no aid can lack,
" And We, who bid him go, will bring him back."
He spoke; the heavens seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now

The jocund spheres began again to play,
Again each Spirit sung Halleluia;
Only that Angel was straight gone; even so
(But not so swift) the morning-glories flow
At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;
So winged lightning the soft air does wound.
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account so small.
So flew this Angel, till to David's bed
He came, and thus his sacred message said:
" Awake, young man, hear what thy king has
" sworn;
" He swore thy blood should paint this rising morn:
" Yet to him go securely, when he sends;
" 'T is Saul that is your foe, and God your friends:
" The man who has his God, no aid can lack;
" And he who bids thee go, will bring thee back."
Up leap'd Jessides, and did round him stare,
But could see nought; for nought was left but air:
Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,
Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought:
In treacherous haste he 's sent for to the king,
And with him bid his charmful lyre to bring.
The king, they say, lies raging in a fit,
Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit;
And true it was, soft musick did appease
Th' obscure fantastick rage of Saul's disease.
Tell me, oh Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell,
The mystick powers that in blest numbers dwell;

Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit
This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)
Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise;
Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise!
As first a various unform'd hint we find
Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with just marches verse and musick make;
Such was God's poem, this world's new essay;
So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,
An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
By the Eternal Mind's poetick thought.
Water and Air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the bass, the treble Flame arose:
To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,
To Saturn's string, a touch more soft and grave.
The motions straight, and round, and swift, and slow,
And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so—
Did in such artful figures smoothly fall—
As made this decent-measur'd Dance of All.
And this is musick: sounds that charm our ears,
Are but one dressing that rich science wears.
Though no man hear 't, though no man it rehearse,
Yet will there still be musick in my verse;
In this great world so much of it we see,
The lesser, Man, is all o'er harmony;
Storehouse of all proportions! single quire!
Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire!

From hence blest musick's heavenly charms arise,
From sympathy, which them and man allies.
Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies, win,
Not by their force, but party that 's within:
Thus the strange cure, on our spilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:
Thus, when two brethren-strings are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike:
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

WHEN Israel was from bondage led,
Led by th' Almighty's hand
From out a foreign land,
The great sea beheld, and fled.
As men pursued, when that fear past they find,
Stop on some higher ground to look behind;
So, whilst through wondrous ways
The sacred army went,
The waves afar stood up to gaze,
And their own rocks did represent,
Solid as waters are above the firmament.

Old Jordan's waters to their spring
Start back with sudden fright;
The spring, amaz'd at sight,
Asks what news from sea they bring.
The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side
The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;

As young affrighted lambs,
When they aught dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless dams:
The mighty sea and river, by,
Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too fly.

What ail'd the mighty sea to flee?
Or why did Jordan's tide
Back to his fountain glide?
Jordan's tide, what ailed thee?
Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains shake?
What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forsake?
Fly where thou wilt, O sea!
And Jordan's current cease!
Jordan, there is no need of thee;
For at God's word, whene'er he please,
The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead of these.

THUS sung the great Musician to his lyre;
And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;
But Envy's serpent still with him remain'd,
And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd.
Th' unthankful king, cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it;
From his past madness draws this wicked use,
To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:
For, whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
And the soft medicine with kind art renews,

The barbarous patient casts at him his spear
(The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear),
Casts it with violent strength; but into th' room
An arm more strong and sure than his was come;
An Angel, whose unseen and easy might
Put-by the weapon, and misled it right.
How vain man's power is! unless God command,
The weapon disobeys his master's hand;
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At Gilboa it will not serve him so.
One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage t' have seen,
He had himself by David wounded been:
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin;
A bloody troop of his own guards he sends
(Slaves to his will, and falsely call'd his friends)
To mend his error by a surer blow;
So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.
Home flies the Prince, and to his trembling wife
Relates the new-past hazard of his life;
Which she with decent passion hears him tell;
For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.
Upon their palace' top, beneath a row
Of lemon-trees—which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the sun's neighbouring ray—
(A small but artful Paradise) they walk'd,
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.

Here Michal first an armed troop espies
(So faithful and so quick are loving eyes!)
Which march'd, and often glister'd, through a wood,
That on right-hand of her fair palace stood;
She saw them; and cry'd out, "They 're come to
"kill
"My dearest lord; Saul's spear pursues thee still.
"Behold his wicked guards! haste quickly, fly!
"For Heaven's sake, haste! my dear lord, do not
"die!
"Ah, cruel father! whose ill-natur'd rage
"Neither thy worth, nor marriage, can assuage!
"Will he part those he join'd so late before?
"Were the two-hundred foreskins worth no more?
"He shall not part us;" (then she wept between).
"At yonder window thou mayst 'scape unseen;
"This hand shall let thee down! stay not, but haste;
"'T is not my use to send thee hence so fast."
"Best of all women!" he replies—and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss;
"Throw not away," said she, "thy precious breath;
"Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."
Timely he' obeys her wise advice; and straight
To unjust force she' opposes just deceit:
She meets the murderers with a virtuous lye,
And good dissembling tears; "May he not die
"In quiet then?" said she, "will they not give
"That freedom, who so fear lest he should live?
"Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire,
"And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.

" Must he not live? for that ye need not sin;
" My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies within,
" And has too little left of vital breath
" To know his murderers, or to feel his death.
" One hour will do your work———"
Here her well-govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
Beauty and sorrow mingled in one face
Has such resistless charms, that they believe,
And an unwilling aptness find to grieve
At what they came for. A pale statue's head,
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,
And on the table medicinal relics lie;
In the close room a well-plac'd taper's light
Adds a becoming horror to the sight:
And for th' impression God prepar'd their sense;
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts Saul's unblest anger tries,
By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes!
" It cannot be," said he, " no, can it? shall
" Our great ten-thousand-slayer idly fall?
" The silly rout thinks God protects him still;
" But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
" Oh may he guard him! may his members be
" In as full strength and well-set harmony
" As the fresh body of the first-made man
" Ere sin, or sin's just meed, Disease, began!
" He will be else too small for our vast hate;
" And we must share in our revenge with Fate.

" No; let us have him whole; we else may seem
" To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from
" him,
" And cut that thread which would have dropp'd
" in two;
" Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
" I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
" Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,
" That must not blemish'd be; let him remain
" Secure, and grow up to our stroke again.
" 'T will be some pleasure then to take his breath,
" When he shall strive and wrestle with his death;
" Go, let him live——And yet——shall I then
" stay
" So long? good and great actions hate delay.
" Some foolish piety perhaps, or he
" That has been still mine honour's enemy,
" Samuel, may change or cross my just intent,
" And I this formal pity soon repent:
" Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,
" That he can fly no more, if we should miss;
" Miss! can we miss again? Go bring him straight,
" Though gasping out his soul; if the wish'd date
" Of his accursed life be almost past,
" Some joy 't will be to see him breathe his last."
The troop return'd, of their short virtue' asham'd,
Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness
blam'd;
But when the pious fraud they understood,
Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,

Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,
From Michal's murder their wild rage restrain'd.
She 'alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,
Duty and love; she 'alleg'd that her own life,
Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,
Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword.
Now was Saul's wrath full-grown; he takes no rest;
A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,
And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
Not his own favourites and best friends dare speak,
Or look on him; but, mute and trembling all,
Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.
So, when the pride and terror of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,
Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,
And brustles up, preparing for his feast;
If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.
Midst a large wood that joins fair Rama's town
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A college stands, where at great Prophets' feet
The Prophets' Sons with silent diligence meet;
By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd,
Yet more to' his liberal tongue than hands they ow'd;

There himself taught, and, his blest voice to hear,
Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.
The house was a large square, but plain and low;
Wise Nature's use Art strove not to outgo:
An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made;
And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,
A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose;
Which no vain cost of marble did enclose;
Nor through carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,
Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid glass;
Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles fell,
For cleanness, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.
The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were,
Well-furnish'd chambers; for in each there stood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog, where use does bound delight;
And those are rich whose wealth 's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burthen to them, and contract their room.
A second court, more sacred, stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd:
The hall and schools one side of it possess'd;
The library and synagogue the rest.
Tables of plain-cut fir adorn'd the hall;
And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.
The reverend doctors take their seats on high,
Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie;
The scholars far below, upon the ground,
On fresh-strew'd rushes, place themselves around.

With more respect the wise and ancient lay;
But eat not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast;
But by great days, and sacrifice increas'd.
The schools, built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend;
To which their synagogue, on th' other side,
And to the hall their library reply'd.
The midst tow'rds their large gardens open lay,
To' admit the joys of spring and early day.
I' th' library a few choice authors stood;
Yet 't was well-stor'd, for that small store was good;
Writing, man's spiritual physick, was not then
Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.
Learning, young Virgin! but few suitors knew;
The Common Prostitute she lately grew,
And with her spurious brood loads now the press;
Laborious effects of idleness!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How letters sav'd themselves from death of old;
Some painfully engrav'd in thin-wrought plates;
Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates;
Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with short-liv'd toil,
Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil:
Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks;
Some the sharp style in waxen tables marks;
Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos' reed;
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.

The schools were painted well with useful skill;
Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill.
Wise wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,
Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.
Here all the noblest Wits of men inspir'd,
From earth's slight joys, and worthless toils, retir'd
(Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead),
Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
The course and power of stars great Nathan taught,
And home to man those distant wonders brought;
How tow'rd both Poles the sun's fix'd journey bends,
And how the year his crooked walk attends;
By what just steps the wandering lights advance,
And what eternal measures guide their dance:
Himself a prophet; but his lectures show'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd.
Mahol, th' inferior world's fantastick face,
Through all the turns of Matter's maze, did trace;
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took;
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of every part.
The prophet Gad in learned dust designs
Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd Lines:
Of Numbers too th' unnumber'd wealth he shows,
And with them far their endless journey goes;
Numbers, which still increase more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.

Of Men and Ages past Seraiah read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd history the dead;
Show'd the steep falls and slow ascent of states;
What wisdom and what follies make their fates.
Samuel himself did God's rich Law display;
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
And oft his ravish'd soul, with sudden flight,
Soar'd above present times and human sight.
Those Arts but welcome strangers might appear,
Musick and Verse seem'd born and bred-up here;
Scarce the blest heaven, that rings with Angels' voice,
Does with more constant Harmony rejoice:
The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire;
Heman, and sweet-mouth'd Asaph, rule their quire;
Both charming poets; and all strains they play'd,
By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost
(The only place where that they' esteem'd not lost);
The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
The sides refresh'd with silks of sacred blue.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
Thrice prayers from willing Heaven a blessing draw;
Thrice in glad hymns, swell'd with the Great One's praise,
The pliant voice on her seven steps they raise,
Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around
To the just feet with various concord sound;
Such things were Muses then, contemn'd low earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their birth.

'T was God himself that here tun'd every tongue;
And gratefully of him alone they sung:
They sung how God spoke-out the world's vast ball;
From nothing, and from no-where, call'd forth all.
No Nature yet, or place for 't to possess,
But an unbottom'd gulph of emptiness:
Full of Himself, th' Almighty sate, his own
Palace, and without solitude alone.
But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd;
Which, ere they were, his active word fulfill'd;
And their astonish'd heads o' th' sudden rear'd;
An unshap'd kind of something first appear'd,
Confessing its new being, and undrest,
As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest.
Yet, buried in this Matter's darksome womb,
Lay the rich seeds of every thing to come:
From hence the cheerful Flame leap'd up so high;
Close at its heels the nimble Air did fly;
Dull Earth with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fix'd navel of the universe,
And was quite lost in waters; till God said
To the proud Sea, "Shrink-in your insolent head,
"See how the gaping Earth has made you place!"
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace:
Since when, his bounds are set; at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer stuff he bade Heaven's fabrick shine,
And from him a quick spring of light divine

Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cherishing flame
Fills the whole world, like Him from whom it came.
He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold;
" Be thou," said he, " queen of the mournful night,"
And as he spoke, she 'arose clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train;
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then Herbs peep'd forth, new Trees admiring stood,
And smelling Flowers painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of Birds through the glad air did flee,
Joyful, and safe before man's luxury,
Singing their Maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute Fish witness no less his praise;
For those he made, and cloth'd with silver scales,
From minnows, to those living islands, whales.
Beasts too were his command: what could he more?
Yes, Man he could, the bond of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
In him, that full abridgment of the world.
This, and much more of God's great works they told;
His mercies, and some judgments too, of old:
How, when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin,
With an impetuous noise the waves came rushing in:
Where birds erewhile dwelt and securely sung,
There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung:
The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay;
The Sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.

This men forgot, and burnt in lust again;
Till showers, strange as their sin, of fiery rain
And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive, they felt those flames they fry-in dead.
No better end rash Pharaoh's pride befel,
When wind and sea wag'd war for Israel:
In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes sat,
And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat;
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain;
Nor was it since call'd the Red-Sea in vain.
Much too they told of faithful Abram's fame,
To whose blest passage they owe still their name:
Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won;
How many kings they slew, or captive brought;
They held the swords, but God and angels fought.
Thus gain'd they the wise-spending of their days;
And their whole life was their dear Maker's praise.
No minute's rest, no swiftest thought, they sold
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold;
Gold, for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rds hell, than those who dig its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it; which more
They valued than rich fools the shining ore.
The silk worm's precious death they scorn'd to wear,
And Tyrian dye appear'd but sordid there.
Honour, which since the price of souls became,
Seem'd to these great-ones a low idle name.

Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board dispeopled no full element,
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,
And spar'd the stock; nor could their bodies say
We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday.
Thus souls live cleanly, and no soiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there;
The senses perform nimbly what they 're bid,
And honestly, nor are by Reason chid;
And, when the down of sleep does softly fall,
Their dreams are heavenly then, and mystical;
With hasty wings time present they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of destiny;
There walk, and sport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce every cause's womb.
Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all,
Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul;
For, if man's life we in just balance weigh,
David deserv'd his envy less than they.
Of this retreat the hunted Prince makes choice,
Adds to their choir his nobler lyre and voice.
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie;
So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,
Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more:
Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all promise to their swords.
They came, but a new sp'rit their hearts possess'd,
Scattering a sacred calm through every breast;

The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a smile;
Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide;
A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,
And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise:
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther, cease;
In peaceful tunes they' adore the God of peace!
New messengers twice more the tyrant sent,
And was twice more mock'd with the same event:
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay;
It sends him there himself: but on the way
His foolish anger a wise fury grew,
And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew:
His kingly robes he laid at Naioth down,
Began to understand, and scorn, his crown;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more solid joys than empire brings;
Embrac'd his wondering son, and on his head
The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.
So covetous Balaam, with a fond intent
Of cursing the blest seed, to Moab went:
But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well.
" How comely are thy tents, O Israel!"
(Thus he began) " what conquests they foretel!
" Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,
" Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
" Less fair are valleys, their green mantles spread!
" Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!

" 'T was God himself (thy God who must not fear?)
" Brought thee from bondage to be master here.
" Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons get,
" And death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
" When Judah's lion starts up to his prey,
" The beasts shall hang their ears, and creep away;
" When he lies down, the woods shall silence keep,
" And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.
" Thy cursers, Jacob! shall twice cursed be;
" And he shall bless himself that blesses thee!"

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

THE DAVIDEIS.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that occasion a digression concerning the nature of Love—A discourse between Jonathan and David; upon which the latter absents himself from court, and the former goes thither, to inform himself of Saul's resolution—The feast of the New-Moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the history of Abraham—Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan—David's resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree—A description of Phansy; an angel makes up a vision in David's head; the vision itself, which is, a prophecy of all the succession of his race till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions—At his awaking Gabriel assumes an human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

BUT now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up rose the sun and Saul;
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;
But both, alas! from restless labours rose:
For in Saul's breast, envy, the toilsome sin,
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace;
Of the past day no footstep left or trace;

The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
So near a storm wise David would not stay,
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless day;
He saw the sun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place;
The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile,
Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
But he, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the sea, and such was Saul.
But Jonathan, his son, and only good,
Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood;
Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
On both his banks, to every flower and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see.
But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd
The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For, when the noble youth at Dammin stood,
Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him through with greedy eye,
And understood the future majesty
Then destin'd in the glories of his look:
He saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs: he saw his comely face,
Where love and reverence so well mingled were;
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:

He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
He saw his valour, by their safety prov'd;
He saw all this, and, as he saw, he lov'd.
What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious thing!
From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?
'T is thou that mov'st the world through every part,
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start
From the due place and office first ordain'd;
By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.
Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that way;
But oftener the short beams of Reason's eye
See only There thou art, not How, nor Why.
How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The strong and conquering metal overcame?
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtship most of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?
How does the absent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
Or why does weight to th' centre downwards bend?

Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
In thy large state, Life gives the next degree,
Where Sense, and Good Apparent, places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone,
Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown;
Handsome Desires, and Rest, about thee flee,
Union, Inherence, Zeal, and Ecstasy,
With thousand joys cluster around thine head,
O'er which a gall-less dove her wings does spread;
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right-hand does hold
The mystick sceptre of a cross of gold.
Thus dost thou sit (like men ere sin had fram'd
A guilty blush) naked, but not asham'd.
What cause then did the fabulous ancients find,
When first their superstition made thee blind?
'T was they, alas! 't was they who could not see,
When they mistook that monster Lust for thee.
Thou art a bright but not consuming flame;
Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came;
When that secure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall,
Soft as the feathers that they 're fletch'd withal.
Such, and no other, were those secret darts
Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts;
Still to one end they both so justly drew,
As courteous doves together yok'd would do:

No weight of birth did on one side prevail,
Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale;
They mingled fates, and both in each did share,
They both were servants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his, to whom it least was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was crost,
For, striking one, it wounded th' other most.
Never did marriage such true union find,
Or men's desires with so glad violence bind;
For, there is still some tincture left of sin,
And still the sex will needs be stealing-in.
Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
These, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such sacred love does heaven's bright Spirits fill,
Where love is but to understand and will
With swift and unseen motions; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.
O ye blest One! whose love on earth became
So pure that still in heaven 't is but the same!
There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;
And pity this base world, where friendship 's made
A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.
Ah, wondrous Prince! who a true friend couldst be,
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
Who held'st him dear, whose stars thy birth did cross!
And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!

Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.
To this strange pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid,
As swift as love and danger could persuade:
As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain
As when himself but dreams them o'er again.
" My dearest lord, farewell!" said he, " farewell!
" Heaven bless the king! may no misfortune tell
" Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead!
" They 're coming now, perhaps; my guiltless head
" Here in your sight, perhaps, must bleeding lie,
" And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
" Think me not scar'd with death, howe'er 't appear;
" I know thou canst not think so: 't is a fear
" From which thy love and Dammin speaks me free;
" I 've met him face to face, and ne'er could see
" One terror in his looks to make me fly
" When Virtue bids me stand; but I would die
" So as becomes my life, so as may prove
" Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love."
He stopp'd, and spoke some passion with his eyes;
" Excellent friend!" the gallant Prince replies,
" Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues, that they 're known
" To all good men, more than to each his own.
" Who lives in Israel, that can doubtful be
" Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
" Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,
" That all things but thy loyalty are less.

" And, should my father at thy ruin aim,
" 'T would wound as much his safety as his fame:
" Think them not coming, then, to slay thee here,
" But doubt mishaps as little as you fear;
" For, by thy loving God, whoe'er design
" Against thy life must strike at it through mine.
" But I my royal father must acquit
" From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.
" Think on his softness when from death he freed
" The faithless king of Amalek's curs'd seed;
" Can he to' a friend, to' a son, so bloody grow,
" He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a foe?
" Admit he could; but with what strength or art
" Could he so long close and seal up his heart?
" Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
" And dare not fix without consent of some:
" Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,
" Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
" No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
" Than I, had he discover'd it, from thee."
Here they embraces join, and almost tears;
Till gentle David thus new prov'd his fears:
" The praise you pleas'd (great Prince!) on me to
" spend
" Was all out-spoken when you styl'd me Friend;
" That name alone does dangerous glories bring,
" And gives excuse to th' envy of a king.
" What did his spear, force, and dark plots, impart,
" But some eternal rancour in his heart?

" Still does he glance the fortune of that day
" When drown'd in his own blood Goliah lay,
" And cover'd half the plain; still hears the sound
" How that vast monster fell, and struck the ground:
" The dance, and 'David his ten thousands slew,'
" Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
" Great acts, t' ambitious princes, treasons grow,
" So much they hate that safety which they owe.
" Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place,
" From the Good, danger; from the Bad, disgrace:
" They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's hate,
" Till blood become a principle of state:
" Secur'd nor by their guards, nor by their right,
" But still they fear ev'n more than they affright.
" Pardon me, Sir! your father's rough and stern;
" His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn:
" Remember, Sir! the honey's deadly sting;
" Think on that savage justice of the king;
" When the same day that saw you do before
" Things above man, should see you man no more.
" 'T is true th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth,
" He pitied his tall limbs and comely youth:
" Had seen, alas! the proof of Heaven's fierce hate,
" And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate:
" Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,
" And taught him boldly to suspect his crown;
" Since then, his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,
" Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.
" Hence his deep rage and trembling envy springs
" (Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings!)

" Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,
" Who Reason and God's counsel does despise?
" Whose headstrong will no law or conscience daunt,
" Dares he not sin, do' you think, without your grant?
" Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
" He would not doubt, believe 't, to kill ev'n you."
The Prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find
The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind:
The danger now appears, Love can soon show 't,
And force his stubborn piety to know 't.
They' agree that David should conceal'd abide,
Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd;
Till he had Saul's most secret purpose found,
And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
'T was the year's seventh-born moon, the solemn feast
That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd.
From opening morn till night shuts in the day,
On trumpets and shrill horns the Leyites play.
Whether by this in mystick type we see
The New-year's-day of great eternity,
When the chang'd moon shall no more changes make,
And scatter'd deaths by trumpets' sound awake;
Or that the Law be kept in memory still,
Given with like noise on Sinai's shining hill;
Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
From faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice,
Who, whilst the Ram on Isaac's fire did fry,
His horn with joyful tunes stood sounding by.
Obscure the cause; but God his will declar'd,
And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd.

At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
'Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went;
The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by;
Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
Hard fate of beasts, more innocent than we!
Prey to our luxury, and our piety!
Whose guiltless blood, on boards and altars spilt,
Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt!
Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,
Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotless lambs,
With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
(Small fees to Heaven of all by which we 're fed!)
Are offer'd up; the hallow'd flames arise,
And faithful prayers mount with them to the skies.
From hence the king to th' outmost court is brought,
Where heavenly things an inspir'd prophet taught;
And from the sacred tent to' his palace-gates,
With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits;
The cheerful horns before him loudly play,
And fresh-strew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant way.
Thus in slow state to th' palace-hall they go,
Rich drest for solemn luxury and show:
Ten pieces of bright tap'stry hung the room,
The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom,
For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
And given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,
The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day
No ornament so proper seem'd as they.
There all old Abram's story you might see;
And still some angel bore him company.

His painful, but well-guided, travels show
The fate of all his sons, the Church below.
Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came,
He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame;
Troubled she seem'd, and labouring in the strife
'Twixt her own honour and her husband's life.
Here on a conquering host, that careless lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
The Patriarch falls; well-mingled might you see
The confus'd marks of death and luxury.
In the next piece, blest Salem's mystick king
Does sacred presents to the victor bring;
Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives;
Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,
The mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.
Here all their starry host the heavens display;
And lo! an heavenly youth, more fair than they,
Leads Abram forth; points upwards: "Such," said he,
"So bright and numberless, thy seed shall be."
Here he with God a new alliance makes,
And in his flesh the marks of homage takes:
And here he three mysterious persons feasts,
Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests:
Here for the wicked town he prays, and near
Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear;
And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.

But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes
Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice:
The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
With Nature's power triumphant in his face
O'er the Mind's courage; for, in spite of all,
From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall.
The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore
With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
And sometimes turn'd to talk: above was made
The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
The Hope of mankind; patiently he lay,
And did his sire, as he is God, obey.
The mournful sire lifts up at last the knife,
And on one moment's string depends his life,
In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.
A thousand Spirits peep'd from th' affrighted sky,
Amas'd at this strange scene; and almost fear'd
For all those joyful prophecies they 'd heard;
Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,
Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.
The gentle Spirit smil'd kindly as he spoke,
New beams of joy through Abram's wonder broke;
The Angel points t' a tuft of bushes near,
Where an entangled ram does half appear,
And struggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which, though but slightly wrought, was firmly set.
For, lo! anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd;

Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,
And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this hall's end a shittim-table stood;
Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood;
For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
And cast his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,
Which does weak man intoxicate no less.
Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought;
But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.
Behold seven comely blooming youths appear,
And in their hands seven silver wash-pots bear,
Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest sons that be
Of Gibeon's race, and slaves of high degree!
Seven beauteous maids march'd softly in behind;
Bright scarfs their clothes, their hair fresh garlands bind;
And, whilst the princes wash, they on them shed
Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread
O'er the whole room; from their small prisons free,
With such glad haste through the wide air they flee.
The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread,
Azure the ground, the sun in gold shone bright,
But pierc'd the wandering clouds with silver light.
The right-hand bed the king's three sons did grace,
The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's, place;

And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men Saul's court and camp could show;
The palace did with mirth and musick sound,
And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around.
But, though bright joy in every guest did shine,
The plenty, state, musick, and spriteful wine,
Were lost on Saul; an angry care did dwell
In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel.
David's unusual absence from the feast
To his sick spirit did jealous thoughts suggest:
Long lay he still, nor drank, nor ate, nor spoke,
And thus at last his troubled silence broke:
"Where can he be?" said he; "it must be so:"
With that he paus'd a while. "Too well we know
"His boundless pride: he grieves, and hates to see
"The solemn triumphs of my court and me.
"Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
"From thousand proofs; th' ambitious David now
"Does those vast things in his proud soul design
"That too much business give for mirth or wine.
"He 's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
"Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conspire
"Against my crown, and all our lives; whilst we
"Are loth ev'n to suspect what we might see.
"By the Great Name, 't is true!"
With that he strook the board; and no man there
But Jonathan durst undertake to clear
The blameless Prince; and scarce ten words he spoke,
When thus his speech th' enraged tyrant broke:

" Disloyal wretch! thy gentle mother's shame!
" Whose cold pale ghost ev'n blushes at thy name!
" Who fears, lest her chaste bed should doubted be,
" And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of thee!
" Canst thou be mine? a crown sometimes does hire
" Ev'n sons against their parents to conspire;
" But ne'er did story yet, or fable, tell
" Of one so wild, who, merely to rebel,
" Quitted th' unquestion'd birthright of a throne,
" And bought his father's ruin with his own.
" Thou need'st not plead th' ambitious youth's defence;
" Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:
" Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
" Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac'd so near.
" Is this that noble friendship you pretend?
" Mine, thine own, foe—and thy worst enemy's friend?
" If thy low spirit can thy great birthright quit,
" The thing 's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.
" I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind;
" Nor such prodigious worth in David find,
" That we to him should our just rights resign,
" Or think God's choice not made so well as thine.
" Shame of thy house and tribe! hence, from mine eye,
" To thy false friend, and servile master, fly;
" He 's ere this time in arms expecting thee;
" Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruin me!

" Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,
" Than to remain his spy and agent here.
" When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,
" Forsakes me too." With that his spear he took
To strike at him; the mirth and musick cease; 415
The guests all rise, this sudden storm t' appease:
The Prince his danger, and his duty, knew;
And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.
To David straight, who in a forest nigh
Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly. 420
The sole advice now, like the danger, clear,
Was, in some foreign land this storm t' outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are seen;
And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.
Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain, 425
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again:
A reverent oath of constant love they take,
And God's high name their dreaded witness make;
Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove;
But 't was the tedious zeal of endless love. 430
Thus, ere they part, they the short time bestow
In all the pomp friendship and grief could show:
And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,
Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;
When, by command divine, thick mists arise, 435
And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.
There is a place which man most high doth rear,
The Small World's heaven, where Reason moves the sphere:
Here, in a robe which does all colours show
(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow) 440

Phansy, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,
By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride;
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout:
A sea rolls on with harmless fury here;
Straight 't is a field, and trees and herbs appear:
Here in a moment are vast armies made,
And a quick scene of war and blood display'd:
Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
The bawds for Sense, and lying baits of Sin:
Some things arise of strange and quarreling kind,
The forepart lion, and a snake behind:
Here golden mountains swell the covetous place,
And centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.
Of these slight wonders Nature sees the store,
And only then accounts herself but poor.
  Hither an Angel comes, in David's trance,
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joins them wisely, and this vision makes:—
  First David there appears in kingly state,
Whilst the twelve tribes his dread commands await;
Straight to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,
Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came
(Since high in note, then not unknown to fame);
The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,
And no new wounds or dangers apprehend:
The busy image of great Joab there
Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear:

He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town:
They curse the guards their mirth and bravery chose;
All of them now are slain, or made like those.
Far through an inward scene an army lay,
Which with full banners a fair Fish display:
From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coast
They seem all met; a vast and warlike host!
Thither hastes David, to his destin'd prey,
Honour and noble danger lead the way;
The conscious trees shook with a reverent fear
Their unblown tops; God walk'd before him there.
Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' bosom fills;
Dead corpse emboss the vale with little hills.
On th' other side, Sophenes' mighty king
Numberless troops of the blest East does bring:
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
Damascus and rich Adad help in vain.
Here Nabathæan troops in battle stand,
With all the lusty youth of Syrian land;
Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground.
On th' other wing does brave Abishai ride,
Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
The perjur'd sons of Ammon quit the field;
Some basely die, and some more basely yield.
Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
And far more justly then fears Hebrew spies.

Moloch, their bloody god, thrusts out his head,
Grinning through a black cloud: him they 'd long fed
In his seven chambers; and he still did eat
New-roasted babes, his dear, delicious meat.
Again they' arise, more anger'd than dismay'd;
Euphrates and swift Tygris sends them aid:
In vain they send it, for again they 're slain,
And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain.
Here Rabba with proud towers affronts the sky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie:
They force the walls, and sack the helpless town;
On David's head shines Ammon's massy crown.
Midst various torments the curs'd race expires;
David himself his severe wrath admires.
Next upon Israel's throne does bravely sit
A comely youth endow'd with wondrous wit.
Far from the parched Line a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came:
She carried back in her triumphant womb
The glorious stock of thousand kings to come.
Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,
Here they a temple's vast foundations lay;
A mighty work! and with fit glories fill'd
For God t' inhabit, and that king to build.
Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
Some draw it up with cranes; some breathe and groan
In order o'er the anvil; some cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountains' ancient crown;

Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes bestow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow;
But oh, alas! what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious king's eclipsed head?
It all his fame benights, and all his store,
Wrapping him round; and now he 's seen no more!
When straight his son appears, at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedless council circled round;
Unseemly object! but a falling state
Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.
Ten tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,
And bold Adoram at his message stone;
" Brethren of Israel!"—more he fain would say,
But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech, i' th' way.
Here this fond king's disasters but begin,
He 's destin'd to more shame by' his father's sin:
Susack came up, and under his command
A dreadful army from scorch'd Africk's sand,
As numberless as that: all is his prey,
The temple's sacred wealth they bear away:
Adrazar's shields and golden loss they take:
Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake.
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were.
Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his father's stain:
Ne'er saw the aged sun so cruel fight;
Scarce saw he this, but hid his bashful light.
Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then?

Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;
God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side.
Asan, a just and virtuous prince, succeeds,
High-rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds:
He cut the solemn groves where idols stood,
And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood:
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak powers of hell;
Before him next their doating servants fell:
So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,
As made ev'n that Arabia Desert too.
Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baasha's fight?
Or brought the dangerous aid of Syrians' might? 570
Conquest, Heaven's gift, cannot by man be sold;
Alas! what weakness trusts he? Man and gold.
Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state
(An happy prince, well worthy of his fate);
His oft oblations, on God's altar made,
With thousand flocks and thousand herds are paid,
Arabian tribute! What mad troops are those,
Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes!
He prays them dead: with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury slays, them all.
Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
Never o'ercome but by 's friend Ahab's sin;
On whose disguise Fates then did only look;
And had almost their God's command mistook:
Him from whose danger Heaven securely brings,
And for his sake two ripely wicked kings.
Their armies languish, burnt with thirst at Seir;
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture, there;

They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,
And fancy clouds, and so become more dry:
Elisha calls for waters from afar
To come; Elisha calls, and here they are:
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
And the decrease repair with Moab's blood.
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng
For Judah's sceptre; both short-liv'd too long.
A Woman too from murder title claims;
Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames:
Proud, cursed woman! but her fall, at last,
To doubting men clears Heaven for what was past.
Joas at first does bright and glorious show;
In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow;
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But Prophets' angry blood o'ercast his day;
From thence his clouds, from thence his storms, begin;
It cries aloud, and twice lets Aram in.
So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign;
Both by their traiterous servants justly slain.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,
Before him thousand captives trembling stand;
Down a deep precipice, down he casts them all,
The mimick shapes in several postures fall:
But then (mad fool!) he does those gods adore
Which, when pluck'd down, had worship'd him before!
Thus all his life to come is loss and shame;
No help from gods, who themselves help'd not, came.

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,
Leaving a well-built greatness to his heirs;
Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast,
Takes him at first from men, from earth at last.
As virtuous was his son, and happier far;
Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war.
But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant
To make his worst forefathers innocent:
He burns his son at Hinnom, whilst around
The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound:
This to the boy a barbarous mercy grew,
And snatch'd him from all miseries to ensue.
Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall;
Here Resin marches up, and sweeps up all;
Till, like a sea, the great Belochus' son
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run;
The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,
Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en:
All this wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong;
But woe to kingdoms that have friends too strong!
Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
And Assur's king, with his worse gods, forsook;
Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,
There rages, utters vain and mighty things;
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames;
Whilst, in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,
An angel scatters death through all the host.
Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies,
There meets an end far worse than that he flies.

Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!
So good, and yet, alas! so short, 't is spun:
Th' end of the line was ravel'd, weak, and old;
Time must go back, and afford better hold
To tie a new thread to' it, of fifteen years:
'T is done; th' all-mighty power of prayer and tears!
Backward the sun, an unknown motion, went;
The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins;
Enslav'd and sold to Ashur by his sins;
Till, by the rod of learned misery taught,
Home to his God and country both he 's brought:
It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake;
He 's made th' example he refus'd to take.
Yet from this root a goodly cyon springs;
Josiah, best of men, as well as kings.
Down went the calves, with all their gold and cost;
The priest then truly griev'd Osiris lost;
These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worser thraldom still retain'd!
In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,
And no more flames must have besides his hell;
Like end Astarte's horned image found,
And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground:
No more were men in female habit seen,
Nor they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen:
No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,
And, with their bodies' shame, their marriage get:
The double Dagon neither nature saves,
Nor flies she back to th' Erythræan waves.

The travelling sun sees gladly from on high
His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie;
The king's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thundering Baâl.
Here David's joy unruly grows, and bold,
Nor could sleep's silken chain its violence hold,
Had not the Angel, to seal fast his eyes,
The humours stirr'd, and bade more mists arise:
When straight a chariot hurries swift away,
And in it good Josiah bleeding lay;
One hand 's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd: alas! he 's slain, he 's slain.
Jehoias and Jehoi'chim next appear;
Both urge that vengeance which before was near:
He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous anger murder'd lies.
His son and brother next do bonds sustain,
Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.
Here 's the last scene of this proud city's state;
All ills are met ty'd in one knot of Fate.
Their endless slavery in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd-up ages in one day:
Strong works around the wall the Chaldees build,
The town with grief and dreadful business fill'd;
To their carv'd gods the frantick women pray,
Gods, which as near their ruin were as they.
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mischief of proud conquest show:
The wondring babes from mothers' breasts are rent,
And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant;

No silver reverence guards the stooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundless rage:
The glorious temple shines in flame all o'er,
Yet not so bright as in its gold before:
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.
The walls and towers are level'd with the ground,
And scarce aught now of that vast city 's found
But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might keep
Of forepast glory, and bid travellers weep.
Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,
And thus Jerusalem left, Jerusalem that was!
This Zedechiah saw, and this not all;
Before his face his friends and children fall,
The sport of insolent victors; this he views,
A king and father once! ill Fate could use
His eyes no more to do their master spite;
All to be seen she took, and next his sight.
Thus a long death in prison he outwears;
Bereft of grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.
Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come,
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home:
A row of worthies in long order pass'd
O'er the short stage; of all old Joseph last.
Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands:
Some, as they went, the blue-ey'd violets strew,
Some, spotless lilies in loose order threw;
Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,
Their smell divine, and colour strangely red;

Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kisses tear:
Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,
Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers which made that orchard gay!
The morning blushes of the spring's new day.
With sober pace an heavenly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair; no sign of native sin
Through her whole body writ; immoderate grace
Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers;
And with full beams their mingled light devours!
An Angel straight broke from a shining cloud,
And press'd his wings, and with much reverence bow'd;
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred message sweetly said: [call
" Hail, full of Grace! thee the whole world shall
" Above all blest; Thee, who shalt bless them all.
" Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall shroud
" Jesus the God (and then again he bow'd);
" Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on thee;
" Hail thou! who must God's wife, God's mother,
" be!"
With that, his seeming form to heaven he rear'd;
She low obeisance made, and disappear'd,
Lo! a new star three eastern sages see
(For why should only earth a gainer be?)
They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely usher'd in a Sun as new:

They hasted all this Rising Sun t' adore;
With them rich myrrh and early spices bore:
Wise men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You 'll in a noisome stable find your King.
Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin;
Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown, and tear
The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell,
Were doubled now, or that just now they fell:
But, when the dreaded maid they entering saw,
All fled with trembling fear and silent awe.
In her chaste arms th' eternal infant lies,
Th' Almighty voice chang'd into feeble cries.
Heaven contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;
Never did virgin contain Heaven before.
Angels peep round to view this mystick thing,
And Halleluiah round, all Halleluiah sing.
No longer could good David quiet bear
Th' unwieldy pleasure which o'erflow'd him here:
It broke the fetters, and burst ope his eye;
Away the timorous forms together fly:
Fix'd with amaze he stood; and time must take,
To learn if yet he were at last awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went;
Sometimes, that only 't was wild Phansy's play,
The loose and scatter'd relicks of the day.
When Gabriel (no blest spirit more kind or fair)
Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air;

All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom;
Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That ere the mid-day sun pierc'd through with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red;
An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,
Where the most spritely azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall:
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made:
Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,
Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they;
These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he plays.
  Thus drest, the joyful Gabriel posts away,
And carries with him his own glorious day,
Through the thick woods: the gloomy shades awhile
Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;
The trembling serpents close and silent lie;
The birds obscene far from his passage fly;
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation rose:
Thus he appears to David; at first sight
All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.
In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.

" Hail, man belov'd! from highest heaven," said he;
" My mighty master sends thee health by me.
" The things thou saw'st are full of truth and light,
" Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight:
" Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the years
" To go in order thus. Hence, empty fears!
" Thy fate 's all white; from thy blest seed shall
" spring
" The promis'd Shilo, the great mystick King:
" Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall
" sound,
" And reach to worlds that must not yet be found:
" The Southern clime him her sole lord shall style,
" Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn isle,
" My fellow-servant, credit what I tell."
Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

THE DAVIDEIS.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis: he counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullam—A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him—A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; his entertainment at Moab's court: a digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture—Melchor's song at the feast—Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David; which he does: his extraction; his excellency in poesy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady—The Philistines' army encamped at Dammin; the description of Goliah and his arms; his challenge to the Israelites: David's coming to the camp; his speech to Saul, to desire leave to fight with Goliah: several speeches upon that occasion—The combat and slaughter of Goliah, with the defeat of the Philistines' army—Saul's envy to David—The characters of Merab and Michal—The love between David and Michal: his song at her window; his expedition against the Philistines, and the dowry of two hundred foreskins for Michal, with whom he is married—The solemnities of the wedding—Saul's relapse, and the causes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the news he from high Heaven receives,
Straight to his diligent God just thanks he gives;
To divine Nobe directs then his flight,
A small town, great in fame, by Levi's right;

Is there, with spritely wines and hallow'd bread,
(But what 's to hunger hallow'd ?) largely fed.
The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast:
He lends him vain Goliah's sacred sword
(The fittest help just Fortune could afford);
A sword whose weight without a blow might slay,
Able unblunted to cut hosts away;
A sword so great, that it was only fit
To take-off his great head who came with it.
Thus he arms David: " I your own restore,
" Take it," said he, " and use it as before;
" I saw you then, and 't was the bravest sight
" That ere these eyes ow'd the discovering light:
" When you stepp'd forth, how did the monster rage,
" In scorn of your soft looks and tender age!
" Some your high spirit did mad presumption call,
" Some pitied that such youth should idly fall;
" Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain;
" I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain."
Much more the reverend sire prepar'd to say
(Rapt with his joy); how the two armies lay;
Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee,
All that his hearer better knew than he:
But David's haste denies all needless stay;
To Gath, an enemy's land, he hastes away:
Not there secure; but, where one danger 's near,
The more remote, though greater, disappear:—
So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;
So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea.—

There in disguise he hopes unknown t' abide;
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
But night itself does the rich gem betray.
Tagal first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,
Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight
Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep sore of envy mix'd with rage.
Straight, with a band of soldiers tall and rough,
Trembling—for scarce he thought that band enough—
On him he seizes; whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.
And now this wish'd-for, but yet dreadful, prey
To Achis' court they led in haste away,
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
Upon th' immoderate vulgar's joy and hate.
His valour now and strength must useless lie,
And he himself must arts unusual try:
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair;
Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,
And sometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace;
Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge Philistians could not wish:
But call 't the justice of their mighty Fish.
They now in height of anger let him live;
And freedom too, t' increase his scorn, they give:
He, by wise madness freed, does homeward flee,
And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.

Near to Adullam, in an aged wood,
An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,
As if by' her scholar Art she had been taught.
Hither young David with his kindred came,
Servants and friends; many his spreading fame,
Many their wants or discontents, did call:
Great men in war, and almost armies, all!
Hither came wise and valiant Joab down
(One to whom David's self must owe his crown);
A mighty man, had not some cunning sin
Amidst so many virtues crowded in.
With him Abishai came, by whom there fell
At once three hundred: with him Asahel;
Asahel, swifter than the northern wind;
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind
Outgo his feet; so strangely would he run,
That time itself perceiv'd not what was done:
Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,
His weight unknown, and harmless to the grass;
Oft o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet no one atom trouble or displace.
Unhappy youth! whose end so near I see!
There 's nought but thy ill fate so swift as thee.
Hither Jessides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
He who the vast exceeding monster slew;
Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,
Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear;
But by Benaiah's staff he fell, o'erthrown;
The earth, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.

Such was Benaiah: in a narrow pit
He saw a lion, and leapt down to it;
As easily there the royal beast he tore,
As that itself did kids or lambs before.
Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,
But full of spirit, and arms was all his joy;
Oft, when a child, he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
Oft would he shoot young birds, and, as they fall,
Would laugh, and fancy them Philistians all:
And now at home no longer would he stay,
Though yet the face did scarce his sex betray.
Dodos' great son came next, whose dreadful hand
Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conquering band;
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field
Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield?
Many besides did this new troop increase;—
Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace;
Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear
As many deaths as in it arrows were;
None from his hand did vain or innocent flee,
Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.
Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side,
And many of old Jacob's youngest tribe;
But his chief strength the Gathite soldiers are,
Each single man able t' o'ercome a war!
Swift as the darts they fling through yielding air,
And hardy all as the strong steel they bear:
A lion's noble rage sits in their face,
Terribly comely, arm'd with dreadful grace!

Th' undaunted Prince, though thus well-guarded here,
Yet his stout soul durst for his parents fear;
He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat,
Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.
So, when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride
For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd,
Æneas stole an act of higher fame,
And bore Anchises through the wondering flame;
A nobler burthen, and a richer prey,
Than all the Grecian forces bore away!
Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph go;
Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;
To have sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;
By this thou overcom'st their victory.
Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;
Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea denies:
They see North-stars from o'er Amoreus' ground,
Edom and Petra their South part does bound:
Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,
The morning's happy beams they first espy;
The region with fat soil and plenty 's blest,
A soil too good to be of old possest
By monstrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came,
And conquer'd both the people and the name;
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,
And their sad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood.
In Hesbon his triumphant court he plac'd,
Hesbon, by Men and Nature strangely grac'd;

A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
Which peace could yield, though well prepar'd for fight.
But this proud city, and her prouder lord,
Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword;
Whilst Moab triumph'd in her torn estate,
To see her own become her conqueror's fate:
Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown
Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down:
Full thrice six years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke,
Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke;
Since then their kings in quiet held their own,
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne!
And now a wise old prince the sceptre sway'd,
Well by his subjects and himself obey'd;
Only before his father's gods he fell;
Poor wretched man! almost too good for hell!
Hither does David his blest parents bring;
With humble greatness begs of Moab's king
A safe and fair abode, where they might live
Free from those storms with which himself must strive.
The king with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,
By hate to Saul, and love to Virtue, mov'd.
" Welcome, great Knight, and your fair Troop," said he,
" Your name found welcome long before with me;
" That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,
" And stretch'd-out far to the burnt swarthy zone:

" Swift Fame, when her round journey she does make,
" Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take.
" Are you the man did that huge giant kill,
" Great Bacchus of Phlegra? and how young he 's still!
" From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born here,
" In Judah sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd there
" To one of Bethlem; which I hope is true:
" However, your virtues here entitle you:
" Those have the best alliance always been;
" To gods as well as men they make us kin."
He spoke, and straight led in his thankful guests
T' a stately room prepar'd for shows and feasts:
The room with golden tapestry glister'd bright,
At once to please, and to confound, the sight,
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands!
In midst a table of rich ivory stands,
By three fierce tigers and three lions borne,
Which grim, and fearfully the place adorn;
Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
About it beds of Libyan citron stood,
With coverings dy'd in Tyrian fishes' blood
(They say, th' Herculean art): but most delight
Some Pictures gave to David's learned sight.
Here several ways Lot and great Abram go,
Their too-much wealth vast and unkind does grow;
Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,
Plenty, as well as Want, can separate friends.

Here Sodom's towers raise their proud tops on high
(The towers, as well as men, outbrave the sky);
By it the waves of reverend Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded with the sun;
Hither Lot's household comes, a numerous train,
And all with various business fill the plain:
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks;
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks:
Some drive the herds; here a fierce bullock scorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threatening horns;
In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain:
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie:
Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either side.
Another picture to curst Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three servant-kings:
They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away;
Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay,
Buried almost alive, for fear of death;
But Heaven's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath:
Abraham pursues, and slays the victor's host,
Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast.
Next this was drawn the reckless city's flame,
When a strange hell pour'd down from heaven there came.
Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches, strook

With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door;
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore.
Through liquid air Heaven's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie:
Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks,
Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks;
Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half-way new fires that shower from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.
Men thought (so much a flame by art was shown)
The picture's self would fall in ashes down.
Afar old Lot toward little Zoar hies,
And dares not move (good man!) his weeping eyes:
Behind his wife stood, ever fix'd alone;
No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:
A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove;
Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move:
One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night,
The other trembled still with parting light:
The wind admir'd, which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more:
To heaven she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a suppliant pillar stands:

She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there:
Ah, foolish woman! who must always be
A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!
Whilst David fed with these his curious eye,
The feast is now serv'd-in, and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaff'd to their gods and friends: an health goes round
In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground.
Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill
(For such were poets then, and should be still)
His noble verse through Nature's secrets led:
He sung what spirit through the whole mass is spread,
Every-where All; how heavens God's law approve,
And think it rest eternally to move;
How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose;
How his round journey does for ever last,
And how he baits at every sea in haste:
He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain;
Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
Her changing horns, not constanter than they:
He sung how grisly comets hang in air;
Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
To publish ill, and raise all earth to war:

Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar so loud:
How lambent fires become so wondrous tame,
And bear such shining winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watery bow:
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
What palsy of the earth here shakes fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,
And sometimes miss'd the Cause, but sought it well.
Such was the sauce of Moab's noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest;
Only the good old Prince stays Joab there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear:
He tells deeds antique, and the new desires;
Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires.
" Nay, gentle guest!" said he, " since now you're in,
" The story of your gallant friend begin;
" His birth, his rising, tell, and various fate,
" And how he slew that man of Gath of late,
" What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous
" man!"
With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began:—
" His birth, great Sir! so much to mine is ty'd,
" That praise of that might look from me like pride:
" Yet, without boast, his veins contain a flood
" Of th' old Judæan lion's richest blood.
" From Judah Pharez, from him Esrom, came,
" Ram, Nashon, Salmon, names spoke loud by fame:

" A name no less ought Boaz to appear,
" By whose blest match we come no strangers here:
" From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,
" From Obed Jesse, Jesse, whom Fame's kindest
" tongue,
" Counting his birth, and high nobility, shall
" Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,
" David, born to him seventh; the six births past
" Brave trials of a work more great at last.
" Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit!
" The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it.
" Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing
" Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's king.
" His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,
" And savage beasts stand by as tame as they;
" The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,
" Learning consent and concord from his lyre;
" Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
" Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.
" 'T was now the time when first Saul God for-
" sook,
" God Saul; the room in 's heart wild passions took:
" Sometimes a tyrant-Phrensy revel'd there,
" Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep Despair.
" No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,
" They cure but sometime bodies, never minds:
" Musick alone those storms of soul could lay;
" Not more Saul them, than musick they, obey.
" David 's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
" His harp, that magick bore on every string:

" When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
" With his soft notes they all dropp'd down asleep:
" When his dull spirits lay drown'd in death and
" night,
" He with quick strains rais'd them to life and light.
" Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'swage,
" Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
" To Helah plain Philistian troops are come,
" And war's loud noise strikes peaceful musick dumb.
" Back to his rural care young David goes;
" For this rough work Saul his stout brethren chose:
" He knew not what his hand in war could do,
" Nor thought his sword could cure men's madness
" too.
" Now Dammin 's destin'd for this scene of blood;
" On two near hills the two proud armies stood,
" Between, a fatal valley stretch'd-out wide,
" And death seem'd ready now on either side;
" When, lo! their host rais'd all a joyful shout,
" And from the midst an huge and monstrous man
" stepp'd out.
" Aloud they shouted at each step he took;
" We, and the earth itself beneath him, shook,
" Vast as the hill, down which he march'd, he' ap-
" pear'd;
" Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd.
" A young tall 'squire (though then he seem'd not so)
" Did from the camp at first before him go;
" At first he did, but scarce could follow straight,
" Sweating beneath a shield's unruly weight,

" On which was wrought the gods' and giants' fight,
" Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.
" Here a vast hill 'gainst thundering Baal was thrown,
" Trees and beasts on 't fell burnt with lightning
" down;
" One flings a mountain, and its river too,
" Torn up with 't; that rains back on him that
" threw:
" Some from the main to pluck whole islands try;
" The sea boils round with flames shot thick from
" sky;
" This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,
" And prais'd their strength, but thought his own
" was more.
" The valley now this monster seem'd to fill;
" And we, methoughts, look'd up t' him from our
" hill.
" All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war
" (A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar;
" The sun himself started with sudden fright,
" To see his beams return so dismal bright:
" Brass was his helmet, his boots brass; and o'er
" His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore;
" His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
" Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should
" be;
" Th' huge iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
" And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
" Able Death's worst command to overdo,
" Destroying life at once and carcase too.

" Thus arm'd he stood; all direful, and all gay,
" And round him flung a scornful look away:
" So, when a Scythian tiger, gazing round,
" An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,
" Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
" And calls forth all his spots on every side;
" Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
" In choice of some strong neck on which to fall;
" Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a prey,
" And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
" Ye men of Jury, 'he cries, if men you be,
" And such dare prove yourselves to fame and me,
" Choose out 'mongst all your troops the boldest
" knight,
" To try his strength and fate with me in fight:
" The chance of war let us two bear for all,
" And they the conqueror serve whose knight shall
" fall.
" At this he paus'd awhile: Straight, I defy
" Your gods and you; dares none come down and
" die?
" Go back for shame, and Egypt's slavery bear,
" Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.
" Alas! ye 'ave no more wonders to be done,
" Your sorcerer Moses now, and Joshua, 's gone;
" Your magick trumpets then could cities take,
" And sounds of triumph did your battles make.
" Spears in your hands and manly swords are vain;
" Get you your spells and conjuring rods again.
" Is there no Samson here? O that there were!
" In his full strength, and long, enchanted hair;

" This sword should be in the weak razor's stead;
" It should not cut his hair off, but his head.
" Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the valleys round,
" Flattering his voice, restor'd the dreadful sound:
" We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd
" We had behind some new Goliah heard.
" 'T was Heaven, Heaven sure (which David's glory
" meant
" Through this whole act) such sacred terror sent
" To all our host; for there was Saul in place,
" Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemy's face;
" His god-like son there in bright armour shone,
" Who scorn'd to conquer armies not alone:
" Fate her own book mistrusted at the sight;
" On that side war, on this a single fight.
" There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
" He who th' Egyptian proud Goliah slew;
" In his pale fright, rage through his eyes shot flame,
" He saw his staff, and blush'd with generous shame;
" Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
" Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.
" Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight,
" Once every morn he march'd, and once at night.
" Slow rose the sun, but gallop'd down apace,
" With more than evening blushes in his face:
" When Jesse to the camp young David sent;
" His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent;
" For, when the monster's pride he saw and heard,
" Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they
" fear'd.

" Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd,
" Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful
" breast:
" Much the rewards propos'd his spirit enflame,
" Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of Fame.
" These to their just intentions strongly move,
" But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.
" Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he 's brought,
" Where thus he spoke, as boldly as he fought:
" Henceforth no more, great Prince, your sacred
" breast
" With that huge talking wretch of Gath, molest;
" This hand alone shall end his cursed breath;
" Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to death,
" And, cheated with false weight of his own might,
" Has challeng'd Heaven, not us, to single fight.
" Forbid it, God! that, where thy right is try'd,
" The strength of man should find just cause for
" pride!
" Firm like some rock, and vast, he seems to stand,
" But rocks we know were op'd at thy command:
" That soul, which now does such large members
" sway,
" Through one small wound will creep in haste
" And he who now dares boldly Heaven defy,
" To every bird of heaven a prey shall lie:
" For 't is not human force we ought to fear;
" Did that, alas! plant our forefathers here?
" Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue?
" By that whole nations of Goliahs slew?

" The wonders they perform'd may still be done;
" Moses and Joshua is, but God 's not, gone.
" We 'ave lost their rod and trumpets, not their skill;
" Prayers and belief are as strong witchcraft still:
" These are more tall, more giants far, than he,
" Can reach to heaven, and thence pluck victory.
" Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' advantage is;
" He 's stronger far than I, my God than his.
" Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame, to see
" Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as he.
" Brave youth, replies the king, whose daring mind,
" Ere come to manhood, leaves it quite behind;
" Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
" And let thy body grow up to thy sprite.
" Thou 'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
" Whose touch would wound thee more than him
" thy blow:
" Nature his limbs only for war made fit,
" In thine as yet nought beside love she 'has writ.
" With some less foe thy unflesh'd valour try;
" This monster can be no first victory.
" The lion's royal whelp does not at first
" For blood of Basan bulls or tigers thirst;
" In timorous deer he hansels his young paws,
" And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
" So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd, be,
" Fortune would be asham'd to second thee.
" He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
" But nought moves David from his high intent.
" It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
" To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here;

" Which he resolves. Scorn not, said he, mine age;
" For victory comes not, like an heritage,
" At set-years:—when my father's flock I fed,
" A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,
" Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs
" away;
" From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey:
" Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill;
" On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.
" My God 's the same, which then he was, to-day,
" And this wild wretch almost the same as they;
" Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he
" Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?
" Be 't so then, Saul bursts forth; and Thou on
" high,
" Who oft in weakness dost most strength descry—
" At whose dread beck conquest expecting stands,
" And casts no look down on the fighters' hands—
" Assist what Thou inspir'st; and let all see,
" As boys to giants, giants are to Thee.
" Thus: and with trembling hopes of strange
" success,
" In his own arms he the bold youth does dress.
" On's head an helm of well-wrought brass is plac'd,
" The top with warlike plume severely grac'd;
" His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,
" A sword much practis'd in death's art he wore,
" Yet David, us'd so long to no defence,
" But those light arms of Spirit and Innocence,
" No good in fight of that gay burthen knows,
" But fears his own arms' weight more than his foes.

" He lost himself in that disguise of war,
" And guarded seems as men by prisons are;
" He therefore, to exalt the wondrous sight,
" Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight,
" 'Gainst shield, helm, breast-plate; and, instead of
" those, [chose,
" Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he
" And fits them to his sling; then marches down;
" For sword, his enemy's he esteem'd his own.
" We all with various passions strangely gaz'd,
" Some sad, some sham'd, some angry; all amaz'd.
" Now in the valley 'he stands; through 's youth-
" ful face
" Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly grace,
" Both in his looks so join'd, that they might move
" Fear ev'n in friends, and from an enemy love.
" Hot as ripe noon, sweet as the blooming day,
" Like July furious, but more fair than May.
" Th'accurs'd Philistian stands on th'other side,
" Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and pride.
" The plagues of Dagon! a smooth boy, said he,
" A cursed beardless foe, oppos'd to me!
" Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!)
" he 's come!
" Some friend his mother call, to drive him home.
" Not gone yet! if one minute more thou stay,
" The birds of heaven shall bear thee dead away.
" Gods! a curs'd boy!—the rest then murmuring
" out,
" He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.

" David, with cheerful anger in his eyes,
" Advances boldly on, and thus replies:
" Thou com'st, vain man! all arm'd into the field,
" And trustest those war toys, thy sword and shield:
" Thy pride 's my spear, thy blasphemies my sword;
" My shield, thy Maker, fool! the mighty Lord
" Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me
" Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer, thee.
" In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope, withstand;
" In vain thy other god, thine own right hand:
" Thy fall to man shall Heaven's strong justice shew;
" Wretch! 't is the only good which thou canst do.
" He said; our host stood dully silent by;
" And durst not trust their ears against the eye;
" As much their champion's threats to him they
" fear'd,
" As when the monster's threats to them they heard.
" His flaming sword th' enrag'd Philistian shakes,
" And haste t' his ruin with loud curses makes;
" Backward the winds his active curses blew,
" And fatally round his own head they flew:
" For now from David's sling the stone is fled,
" And strikes with joyful noise the monster's head;
" It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
" As swiftly as it pierc'd before the air:
" Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
" Blood, brain, and soul, crowd mingled through
" the wound!
" So a strong oak, which many years had stood
" With fair and flourishing boughs, itself a wood—

" Though it might long the axe's violence bear,
" And play'd with winds which other trees did tear—
" Yet by the thunder's stroke from th' root 't is rent:
" (So sure the blows that from high Heaven are
" sent!)
" What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
" Which did that moment our whole host possess!
" Their jocond shouts th' air like a storm did tear,
" Th' amazed clouds fled swift away with fear:
" But far more swift th' accurs'd Philistines fly,
" And, their ill fate to perfect, basely die.
" With thousand corpse the ways around are strown,
" Till they by the day's flight secure their own.
" Now through the camp sounds nought but David's
" name,
" All joys, of several stamp and colours, came
" From several passions: some his valour praise,
" Some his free speech, some the fair popular rays
" Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise;
" Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
" Some wonder, some they thought 't would be so,
" swear;
" And some saw angels flying through the air:
" The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance
" On this great act, and fain would give 't to Chance.
" Women our host with songs and dances meet,
" With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet.
" Hence the king's politick rage and envy flows,
" Which first he hides, and seeks his life t' expose
" To generous dangers, that his hate might clear,
" And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David, bear.

" So vain are man's designs! for Fate and Chance,
" And Earth and Heaven, conspir'd to his advance:
" His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
" In all mankind but Saul did love beget.
" Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest blood,
" The noble cause's sacred force withstood.
" You 've met no doubt, and kindly us'd, the fame
" Of God-like Jonathan's illustrious name;
" A name which every wind to heaven would bear,
" Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear.
" No angel e'er bore to his brother Mind
" A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
" Than his to David; which look'd nobly down,
" And scorn'd the false alarums of a crown.
" At Dammin field he stood, and from his place
" Leap'd forth, the wondrous conqueror to em-
" brace;
" On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,
" On him his heart and soul, he did bestow:
" Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,
" In this close knot the smallest looseness made.
" Oft his wise care did the king's rage suspend;
" His own life's danger shelter'd oft his friend;
" Which he expos'd a sacrifice to fall
" By th' undiscerning rage of furious Saul.
" Nor was young David's active virtue grown
" Strong and triumphant in one sex alone;
" Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
" And deeper prints in the soft breast it made:
" For there, t' Esteem and Friendship's graver name,
" Passion was pour'd, like oil into the flame.

" Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
" Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters grac'd;
" Merab the first, Michal the younger, nam'd;
" Both equally for different glories fam'd.
" Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight,
" But too much awe chastis'd the bold delight:
" Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view
" Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too.
" Michal's sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
" And no less strong, though much more gentle, love:
" Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey
" (Tyrants themselves less absolute than they).
" Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower;
" Michal, some virgin-queen's delicious bower.
" All Beauty's stores in little and in great;
" But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
" A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
" Such as the prouder colours might envy:
" Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless white,
" As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight;
" Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
" Than e'er on fruits or flowers heaven's pencil drew;
" From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings
" came,
" From Michal's, the sun's mild, yet active, flame:
" Merab's long hair was glossy chesnut brown;
" Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown.
" Such was their outward form; and one might find
" A difference not unlike it in the mind.
" Merab with comely majesty and state
" Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate;

" Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show.
" That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low.
" Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd lovers' pain,
" And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:
" The griefs she caus'd, gave gentle Michal grief
" (She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief);
" Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
" Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
" Business and power Merab's large thoughts did vex;
" Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex:
" Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
" Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
" In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn;
" Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan.
" The day that David great Goliah slew,
" Not great Goliah's sword was more his due
" Than Merab; by Saul's publick promise she
" Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory;
" But haughty she did this just match despise
" (Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes).
" An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,
" Who shepherd's staff, and shepherd's habit, bore,
" The seventh-born son of no rich house—were still
" Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did
" fill:
" And much aversion in her stubborn mind
" Was bred by being promis'd and design'd.
" Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
" The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn:
" Adriel the rich; but riches were in vain,
" And could not set him free, nor her enchain.

" Long liv'd they thus;—but, as the hunted deer,
" Closely pursued, quits all her wonted fear,
" And takes the nearest waves; which from the shore
" She oft with horror had beheld before:
" So, whilst the violent maid from David fled,
" She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed;
" The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd, straight;
" (So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate!)
" But Michal, in whose breast all virtues move,
" That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love,
" With juster eyes the noble object meets,
" And turns all Merab's poison into sweets:
" She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
" Should make all fame to come so soon his own:
" She saw, and wonder'd how a shepherd's crook
" Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook;
" Though he seventh-born, and though his house
" but poor,
" She knew it noble was, and would be more.
" Oft had she heard, and fancy'd oft the sight,
" With what a generous calm he march'd to fight;
" In the great danger how exempt from fear,
" And after it from pride, he did appear.
" Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,
" She saw through all his words and actions shine;
" She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming
" lyre,
" Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire,
" Though us'd all other passions to relieve:
" She weigh'd all this; and well we may conceive,

" When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubtful
" breast,
" His beauty no less active than the rest.
" The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
" When David's breast reflected back its heat.
" Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can Love hidden lie
" From any sight, much less the loving eye)
" She conqueror was, as well as overcome,
" And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.
" Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,
" Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
" Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)
" A mutual warmth through both their bosoms
" spread:
" Fate gave the signal; both at once began
" The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.
" Ev'n so, methinks, when two fair tapers come
" From several doors, entering at once the room,
" With a swift flight, that leaves the eye behind,
" Their amorous lights into one light are join'd.
" Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
" Knew not which first began the kind embrace.
" Michal her modest flames sought to conceal,
" But love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal:
" Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
" Love pass'd through them, and there such footsteps
" left!
" She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he
" spoke;
" And suddenly her wandering answers broke

" At his name's sound; and, when she heard him
" prais'd,
" With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she
" rais'd.
" Uncall'd-for sighs oft from her bosom flew,
" And Adriel's active friend she' abruptly grew.
" Oft, when the Court's gay youth stood waiting by,
" She strove to act a cold indifferency;
" In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
" For thousand nameless things disclos'd her heart.
" On th' other side, David with silent pain
" Did in respectful bounds his fires contain:
" His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,
" Impos'd on him a no-less rigorous law
" Than modesty on her; and, though he strove
" To make her see 't, he durst not tell his love.
" To tell it first, the timorous youth made choice
" Of musick's bolder and more active voice;
" And thus, beneath her window, did he touch
" His faithful lyre; the words and numbers such
" As did well worth my memory appear,
" And may perhaps deserve your princely ear:

" AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
" And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
" In sounds that may prevail;
" Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
" Though so exalted she,
" And I so lowly be,
" Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

" Hark! how the strings awake:
" And, though the moving hand approach not near,
" Themselves with awful fear,
" A kind of numerous trembling make.
" Now all thy forces try,
" Now all thy charms apply,
" Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

" Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
" Is useless here, since thou art only found
" To cure, but not to wound,
" And she to wound, but not to cure.
" Too weak too wilt thou prove
" My passion to remove,
" Physick to other ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love.

" Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
" For thou canst never tell my humble tale
" In sounds that will prevail;
" Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
" All thy vain mirth lay by,
" Bid thy strings silent lie,
" Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master die.

" She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
" Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound.
" Yet, though she joy'd th' authentick news to hear,
" Of what she guess'd before with jealous fear,
" She check'd her forward joy, and blush'd for shame,
" And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame.

" The senseless rules which first false honour taught,
" And into laws the tyrant custom brought—
" Which women's pride and folly did invent,
" Their lovers and themselves too to torment,—
" Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,
" And all her words, and all her looks, constrain
" Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw
" His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
" He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,
" He curs'd his too-bold tongue, and bold desire;
" In vain he curs'd the last, for that still grew;
" From all things food its strong complexion
" drew:
" His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,
" His life decay'd, but still his love increas'd;
" Whilst she, whose heart approv'd not her disdain,
" Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.
" But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,
" With a concernment equal to their own
" (Joyful that Heaven with his sworn love comply'd
" To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd)
" With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
" Restor'd, and better'd soon, the nice affair.
" With ease a brother's lawful power o'ercame
" The formal decencies of virgin-shame.
" She first with all her heart forgave the past,
" Heard David tell his flames, and told her own at
" last.
" Lo here the happy point of prosperous love!
" Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve,

" Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone;
" All Israel's wish concurrent with their own;
" A brother's powerful aid firm to the side;
" By solemn vow the king and father ty'd:
" All jealous fears, all nice disguises, past,
" All that in less-ripe love offends the taste;
" In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,
" Their heart the nuptial-temple and the bed.
" And, though the grosser cates were yet not drest,
" By which their bodies must supply this feast,
" Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's lingering birth,
" As saints, assur'd of heaven, enjoy 't on earth.
" All this the king observ'd; and well he saw
" What scandal, and what danger, it might draw
" T' oppose this just and popular match; but meant
" T' out-malice all refusals by consent.
" He meant the poisonous grant should mortal
" prove;
" He meant t' ensnare his virtue by his love:
" And thus he to him spoke, with more of art
" And fraud, than well became the kingly part:—
" Your valour, David, and high worth, said he,
" To praise is all men's duty, mine to see
" Rewarded; and we shall t' our utmost powers
" Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
" Forbid it, God! we like those kings should prove,
" Who fear the virtues which they 're bound to love.
" Your piety does that tender point secure,
" Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure:
" Your nearness to 't rather supports the crown,
" And th' honours given to you increase our own.

" All that we can we 'll give; 't is our intent,
" Both as a guard and as an ornament,
" To place thee next ourselves; Heaven does approve,
" And my son's friendship, and my daughter's love,
" Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
" I see, methinks, Heaven in 't, and I rejoice.
" Blush not, my son! that Michal's love I name,
" Nor need she blush to hear it; 't is no shame
" Nor secret now; fame does it loudly tell,
" And all men but thy rivals like it well.
" If Merab's choice could have comply'd with mine,
" Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine:
" And hers, at last, should have with mine comply'd,
" Had I not thine and Michal's heart descry'd.
" Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee; the
" last
" And dearest present made me by the chaste
" Ahinoam; and, unless she me deceive,
" When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,
" 'T will be a smaller gift.
" If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
" To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt make
" Fitting her birth and fortune: and, since so
" Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
" The jointure we exact is, that shall be
" No less advantage to thy fame than she.
" Go where Philistian troops infest the land,
" Renew the terrors of thy conquering hand:
" When thine own hand, which needs must con-
" queror prove,
" In this joint cause of honour and of love,

" An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay,
" And for a dower their hundred foreskins pay,
" Be Michal thy reward: did we not know
" Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,
" We should not cheaply that dear blood expose,
" Which we to mingle with our own had chose:
" But thou 'rt secure; and, since this match of thine
" We to the publick benefit design,
" A publick good shall its beginning grace,
" And give triumphant omens of thy race.
" Thus spoke the king: the happy youth bow'd
" low:
" Modest and graceful his great joy did show;
" The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
" And nought t' except against it could he find,
" But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd;
" No danger, but her scorn of it, he fear'd.
" She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
" At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and
" griev'd;
" 'T was a less work the conquest of his foes,
" Than to obtain her leave his life t' expose.
" Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
" Tedious, and needless, to repeat: if love
" (As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breast,
" 'T will to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
" All that was done, or said; the grief, hope,
" fears;
" His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
" In all the pomp of passion's reign they part;
" And bright prophetick forms enlarge his heart:

" Victory and fame, and that more quick delight
" Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
" Tow'rds Gath he went, and in one month (so
" soon
" A fatal and a willing work is done!)
" A double dower, two hundred foreskins, brought
" Of choice Philistian knights with whom he fought,
" Men that in birth and valour did excel,
" Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.
" Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay
" The two resistless lovers' happy day.
" Though this day's coming long had seem'd and [slow,
" Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now;
" For, now the violent weight of eager love
" Did with more haste so near its centre move,
" He curs'd the stops of form and state, which lay
" In this last stage, like scandals, in his way.
" On a large gentle hill crown'd with tall wood,
" Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,
" A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damask made,
" And seem'd but the fresh forest's natural shade;
" Various and vast within, on pillars borne
" Of Shittim-wood, that usefully adorn.
" Hither, to grace the nuptial-feast, does Saul
" Of the twelve tribes th' elders and captains call:
" And all around the idle, busy crowd
" With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.
" Lo! the press breaks, and from their several homes
" In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
" Before the bride, in a long double row
" With solemn pace thirty choice virgins go,

" And make a moving galaxy on earth;
" All heavenly beauties, all of highest birth;
" All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair
" As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter
" hair;
" All in that new-blown age which does inspire
" Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.
" But all this, and all else the sun did e'er,
" Or fancy see, in her less-bounded sphere,
" The bride herself outshone; and one would say
" They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
" Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
" Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent:
" Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,
" For all men's eyes were ty'd to those before.
" The bridegroom's flourishing troop fill'd next the
" place,
" With thirty comely youths of noblest race,
" That march'd before; and Heaven around his
" head
" The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread.
" So the glad star, which men and angels love,
" Prince of the glorious host that shines above
" (No light of heaven so cheerful or so gay),
" Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day.
" The king himself, at the tent's crowned gate,
" In all his robes of ceremony' and state,
" Sate to receive the train; on either hand
" Did the high-priest and the great prophet stand:
" Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse,
" And all the chiefs in their due order press.

" First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause
" Avow'd by' a general murmur of applause;
" Then sign'd her dower; and in few words he pray'd,
" And bless'd, and gave the joyful, trembling maid
" T' her lover's hands; who, with a cheerful look
" And humble gesture, the vast present took.
" The nuptial-hymn straight sounds, and musicks play,
" And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day
" To all but to the wedded; till at last
" The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow cast:
" At last th' inestimable hour was come
" To lead his conquering prey in triumph home.
" T' a palace near, drest for the nuptial bed,
" (Part of her dower) he his fair princess led;
" Saul, the high-priest, and Samuel, here they leave,
" Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.
" Her vail is now put on; and at the gate
" The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait
" With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,
" To light the nuptial pomp, and march before;
" The rest bring home in state the happy pair
" To that last scene of bliss, and leave them there
" All those free joys insatiably to prove,
" With which rich Beauty feasts the glutton Love.
" But scarce, alas! the first seven days were past,
" In which the public nuptial triumphs last,
" When Saul this new alliance did repent—
" (Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment!)
" He envy'd the good work himself had done;
" Fear'd David less, his servant than his son.

" No longer his wild wrath could he command;
" He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
" In his son's blood; and, that twice cheated too,
" With troops and armies does one life pursue.
" Said I but one? His thirsty rage extends
" To th' lives of all his kindred and his friends;
" Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,
" Had not just God put by th' unnatural blow.
" You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us here:
" No sullen discontent, or groundless fear;
" No guilty act or end calls us from home;
" Only to breathe in peace awhile we come;
" Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray
" For you who us receive, and him who drives away."

NOTES.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.—PAGE 137.

This ode is in the number of those, which Mr. Cowley calls, *Pindaric:* an exquisite sort of poetry, to which his *style* was very ill suited; being, for the most part, careless, and sometimes, affectedly vulgar.—The ideas, in this ode, are from Horace; but the spirit and the expression, are the writer's own.

PAGE 138.

Among the stars he sticks his name.

" Stellis inferere, et concilio Jovis."
Hor. 3 Od. XXV. 6. COWLEY.

The Theban swan does upward bear. Mr. Gray calls him, *the Theban eagle;* but the imagery of both poets is much the same.

—— " tho' he inherit
" Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
" That the Theban eagle bear,
" Sailing with supreme dominion
" Thro' the azure deep of air."
Progress of Poetry.

PAGE 139.

For little drops of honey flee. The proper word had been *fly*, if the rhyme would have given leave. To *flee*, is properly to *move with speed out of the way of danger*; to *fly*, to *move with speed on* WINGS.

TO MR. HOBBES.—PAGE 145.

Mr. Hobbes was, at this time, the philosopher in fashion;

and Mr. Cowley speaks the fashionable, rather than his own sense of him; as appears from the exaggerated strain of his panegyric. However, he does but justice to the vigour of his sense, and the manly elegance of his style: for the *latter* of which qualities, chiefly, his philosophic writings are now valuable.

This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.

The writer, indeed, is a poet; but this was rather *too boldly* said.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain. Aristotle; so called from the town of Stagira, where he was born, situated near the bay of Strymon in Macedonia. COWLEY.

Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain. Outlasted the Grecian empire, which in the visions of Daniel, is represented, by a leopard, with four wings upon the back, and four heads. Chap. vii. 6. COWLEY.

The stronger Roman-eagle did out-fly. Was received even beyond the bounds of the Roman empire, and out-lived it. COWLEY.

Meccha itself, in spite of Mahomet, possess'd. For Aristotle's philosophy was in great esteem among the Arabians or Saracens; witness those many excellent books upon him, or according to his principles, written by Averroes, Avicenna, Avempace, and divers others. *In spight of Mahomet:* because his law, being adapted to the barbarous humour of those people he had first to deal withal, and aiming only at greatness of empire by the sword, forbids all the studies of learning; which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the Saracen monarchy, and continued so, till it was extinguished with that empire, by the inundation of the Turks, and other nations. Meccha is the town in Arabia where Mahomet was born. COWLEY.

PAGE 146.

And with fond divining wands
We search among the dead.

Virgula divina, or a divining wand, is a two-forked branch of an hazel-tree, which is used for the finding out either of veins, or hidden treasures, of gold or silver; and being carried about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the place where they lie. COWLEY.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean.

All the navigation of the ancients was in these seas; they seldom ventured into the ocean; and when they did, did only *littus legere*, coast about near the shore. COWLEY.

PAGE 147.

To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantick sense. The meaning is, that his notions are so new, and so great, that I did not think it had been possible to have found out words to express them clearly; as no wardrobe can furnish cloaths to fit a body taller and bigger than ever any was before: for the cloaths were made according to some measure that then was. COWLEY.

To the Trojan hero given. See the excellent description of this shield, made by Vulcan, at the request of Venus, for her son Æneas, at the end of the eighth book of the Æneid,

——"et clypei non enarrabile textum."

whereon was graven all the Roman history. COWLEY.

Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by't. As not a few did, who presumed, with very unequal arms, to try the temper of that *magic* shield; which time and common sense, however, have at length disenchanted.

PAGE 148.

So contraries on Ætna's top conspire. By making *the frosts on Ætna's top* a comparison only, and not enlarging directly

on the contrary qualities of *cold* and *heat*, taken sometimes in the literal sense, and sometimes in the metaphorical, the poet has kept clear, in a good degree, of that *mixt wit* (as Mr. Addison calls it,) in which he so much excelled and delighted. The *fire of Hobbes' genius*, breaking out under the *snow of his gray hairs*, might have been set in so many different lights by our ingenious author, and have been worked up by him into such a variety of amusing contrasts, that the temperate use of his darling faculty, in this instance, deserves our commendation.

Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire. The description of the neighbourhood of fire and snow, upon Ætna (but not the application of it) is imitated out of Claud. l. i. de Raptu Pros.

" Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æstu,
" Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterque favillis
" Durescit glacies, tanti secura vaporis,
" Arcano defensa gelu, fumoque fideli
" Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas."

Where, methinks, is somewhat of that which Seneca objects to Ovid. *Nescivit quod benè cessit relinquere.* When he met with a fancy that pleased him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. Tacitus has the like expression of Mount Libanus, *Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum fidumque nivibus;* shady among such great heats, and faithful to the snow; which is too poetical for the prose even of a romance, much more of an historian. Sil. Ital. of Ætna, l. xiv.

" Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)
" Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore
" Ardentes horrent scopuli, stat vertice celsi
" Collis hyems, calidaque nivem tegit atra favillâ."

See likewise Seneca, Epist. 79. COWLEY.

BRUTUS.—PAGE 151.

The subject of this ode seems to have been chosen by the poet, for the sake of venting his indignation against Cromwell.—It has been generally supposed, that Mr. Cowley had no ear for harmony, and even no taste of elegant expression. And one should be apt to think so, from his untuned verse and rugged style: but the case was only this: Donne and Jonson were the favourite poets of the time, and therefore the models, on which our poet was ambitious to form himself. But unhappily these poets *affected* harsh numbers and uncouth expression; and what they affected, easily came to be looked upon as *beauties*. Even Milton himself, in his younger days, fell into this delusion. [See his poem on *Shakspeare*.] But the vigour of his genius, or, perhaps, his course of life, which led him out of the high road of fashion, enabled him, in good time, to break through the snare of—*exemplar vitiis imitabile*. The court, which had worse things to answer for, kept poor Cowley eternally in it. *He forsook the conversation* (says Dr. Sprat, who designed him a compliment in the observation,) *but never* THE LANGUAGE OF THE COURT.

PAGE 152.

Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher. This is well put. But *piety to the mother* must not extinguish all regard for the mother's *sons*. Nothing contributed so much, as the assassination of the first Cæsar, to bring on all those tragedies, with which the gloomy and unappeasable jealousy of his successors, afterwards, filled the Roman annals. The question is not, what Cæsar deserved, but what the true interest of the Roman people required. For in these cases, as Macbeth well observes,

——— "we but teach
"Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
"To plague th' inventor"— Act I. Sc. viii.

PAGE 153.

Come marching up the eastern hill afar.

" Till down the eastern cliffs afar,
" Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of
" war." *Gray.*

LIFE AND FAME.—PAGE 158.

Oh life, thou nothing's younger brother. Because nothing preceded it, as privation does all being; which, perhaps, is the sense of the distinction of days in the story of the creation: night signifying the privation, and day, the subsequent being, from whence the evening is placed first. Gen. i. 5. " And the evening and the morning were the first day." COWLEY.

Oh life, thou nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!

i. e. *life is less than nothing, but, as being come of nothing, is very like it.* Mr. Cowley's poetry (as here) is often much disfigured by the double affectation of *wit* and *familiarity*. He would say an out-of-the way thing, in a trivial manner. —But such was the court-idea, in his time, of *writing, like a gentleman.*

What's somebody, or nobody. Τί δὲ τίς, τί δ' οὐ τις; Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. Pindar. *What is somebody, or what is nobody! Man is the dream of a shadow.* COWLEY.

In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade. The distinctions of the schoolmen may be likened to cobwebs (I mean many of them, for some are better woven;) either because of the too much fineness of the work, which makes it slight, and able to catch only little creatures; or, because they take not the materials from nature, but spin it out of themselves. COWLEY.

Dream of a shadow! a reflection, made. Justly admired

by Plutarch, as a most ingenious and expressive hyperbole. Vol ii. p. 104. ed. Xyland. Par. 1624.

From the false glories of the gay reflected bow. The rainbow is in itself of no colour; those that appear are but reflections of the sun's light received differently—

" Mille trahit varios adverso sole colores:"

as is evident by artificial rainbows; and yet this shadow, this almost nothing, makes sometimes another rainbow (but not so distinct or beautiful) by reflection. COWLEY.

Vain weak-built isthmus. Isthmus is a neck of land that divides a peninsula from the continent, and is betwixt two seas, Γῆ ἀμφιθάλασσα. In which manner this narrow passage of life divides the past time from the future, and is at last swallowed up into eternity. COWLEY.

Isthmus,—betwixt two eternities. A sublime idea, which lay unnoticed in this ode, till Mr. Pope produced it into observation—

" Plac'd on this *isthmus of a middle state,*
" A being darkly wise, and rudely great."
Ess. on Man, ep. ii. 3.

Not but our philosophical poet had his eye, also on M. Pascal—" qu'est-ce que l'homme dans la nature? Un neant " à l'égard de l'infini, un tout à l'égard du neant, *un milieu* " *entre rien et tout.* Il est infiniment éloigné des deux ex- " trêmes; et son être n'est moins distant du neant d'où il " est tiré, que de l'infini où il est englouti." *Pensées,* c. xxii.

PAGE 159.

So he, who on th' Egyptian shore. Pompey the Great. COWLEY.

Oh life, that Epicures envy to hear. An irony; that is, " Oh life, which Epicures laugh at and contemn!" COWLEY.

His father-in-law. Cæsar, whose daughter Julia was mar-

ried to Pompey; an alliance fatal to the commonwealth; which, as Tully says, ought never to have been made, or never ended. COWLEY.

His father-in-law. This, again, is in the familiar style. He might have said, more suitably to the style of an ode—

" Great Cæsar's self"——

In the seraphic entity of fame. Supernatural, intellectual, unintelligible being. COWLEY.

He, since that toy, his death. Called a *toy*, because the plaything of every declaimer, from that time to this, and, by passing through so many hands, more instrumental to the propagation of Cæsar's fame, than all the glories of his life.

'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain. This lively ridicule, on *posthumous fame*, is well enough placed in a poem, or declamation: but we are a little surprized to find so grave a writer, as Mr. Wollaston, diverting himself with it. " In reality," says he, " the man is not known ever the " more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to " them: *he* doth not live, because his *name* does. When " it is said, J. Cæsar subdued Gaul, beat Pompey, " changed the Roman commonwealth," &c.—*Rel. of Nat. Sect.* v.—The sophistry is apparent. Put *Cato* in the place of Cæsar; and then see whether that great man do not *live* in his name, *substantially*, that is, to good purpose, if the impression, which those *two immortal syllables* make on the mind, be of use in exciting posterity, or any one man, to the love and imitation of Cato's virtue.

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